

The Listener

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'The Storm is Coming' (1950): a colour woodcut by Antonio Frasconi, in the exhibition of modern art in the United States from the Museum of Modern Art, New York, now at the Tate Gallery, London

In this number:

The International Scene in 1955 (Richard Scott)
 What is American Conservatism? (Peregrine Worsthorne)
 Unfinished Battle (Gilbert Murray, O.M.)

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 LIBRARY

JANUARY

First Spree

IT IS NOT KNOWN what children think about waiters, and it can only be surmised what waiters think about children. A child's first experience of a restaurant must be full of surprising and incomprehensible phenomena, and the anonymous, black-coated gentleman who proffers its delicious viands is only one wonder among many. "Who is that man, Mummy?" it occasionally asks in a penetrating and slightly apprehensive voice; but its mind is so busy speculating what all the huge knives and forks are for, and what to do with the snowy immensities of its napkin, and why the lady and gentleman next door have got a bottle in a bucket full of ice, that the deft, mysterious stranger makes but a fleeting impression.

The child's presence must, one suspects, put the waiter in a rather invidious position. Normally he endeavours to interest guests in the richer and more expensive dishes; for the bigger the bill, the bigger the tip. But now the epicure's adviser is demoted to an austere dietician. Reproachful cries of "Please don't give him any of that!" and "I thought you said it wasn't fried in oil?" ring in his ears. A maternal nose sniffs suspiciously at the delicacies he brings. The best he can hope for is that the young gentleman (for it is thus, rather than as "sonny" or "your little boy", that he feels obliged to refer to the child) will not be sick until later in the afternoon.



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The Listener

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The International Scene in 1955

By RICHARD SCOTT

NINETEEN-FIFTY-FIVE has seen the birth, the rapid bourgeoning, and the equally rapid fading away of the so-called 'Geneva spirit'. To my mind the whole operation has been almost entirely of Russian making. I am afraid that I have come to regard this 'spirit of Geneva' largely as just another weapon in the Soviet armoury. What, after all, has it amounted to? The Soviet leaders have cut out the anti-western polemics from their speeches and they have made the need for peaceful coexistence the constant theme of all their utterances. In other words, all they have done is to begin to speak to the west in roughly the same terms that the western countries have always used among themselves and have always been ready to use with the Russians. But the Russians have made several more substantial gestures in the past year, so as to encourage the belief that their new-found civility of expression implied also a more reasonable approach to the settlement of practical problems. Chief of these were Russia's agreement at long last to sign the treaty which restored to Austria her full freedom and independence; the almost humble pilgrimage which Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin made to Belgrade to end the bitter feud with Yugoslavia; and the promised surrender of the Soviet base of Porkkala in Finland.

It was at the conference of the four Heads of Government in Geneva in July that the 'spirit of Geneva' was supposed to have been established. But then came the meeting of the four Foreign Ministers in November, and we saw how little substance there was in this new spirit when it came to the discussion of practical problems. Not the slightest progress was made at Geneva in settling any of the important problems that were then discussed. In fact, the Soviet attitude towards the reunification of Germany through free elections was even more intransigent. Then, almost immediately after the Foreign Ministers conference had broken up—or rather broken down—Mr. Khrushchev

and Mr. Bulganin went off on their extraordinary Asian tour. The substance and tone of the speeches they made to their Indian, Burmese, and Afghan audiences seemed to make it fairly plain that the Soviet leaders felt that whatever advantages were to be gained from the Geneva spirit had already been won and that its preservation was no longer useful. So it looks to me as though 1955 has gone out with relations between Russia and the West on much the same level of mutual suspicion as when the year opened.

One factor which I have not mentioned but which was probably more responsible than any other for killing the spirit of Geneva was the opening of the Soviet campaign to extend her influence into the Middle East. It is this campaign that has been largely responsible for turning the Middle East into the main political headache for western statesmen—both today and almost certainly during the year that lies ahead.

There is nothing very wicked about the Russian desire to extend her influence into the Middle East. We, the West, would probably be delighted to extend our influence into eastern Europe, for instance, if we saw the chance. It is really all part of a world-wide struggle between communism and anti-communism. It is just because of this struggle that the British and Americans are so concerned to prevent the Russians from succeeding in the Middle East. Let us face it, the prime basis of recent British policy in the Middle East has been to weld the countries in this area into an anti-communist block which would contribute to the defence of the vital oil resources of the area and preserve them for the non-communist world. That is a perfectly sensible position if you believe, as I do, that communism is evil, predatory, and has to be resisted. If you do not believe this, then I do not think that any aspect of western policy will make much sense to you because fundamentally and ultimately it is all based on this conviction.

During the latter half of the past year it became very clear that the

Russians had opened up a new front in the Middle East: and it has not taken long to realise that this looks like becoming by far the most dangerous front in the struggle between East and West. There is obviously wide scope in this area for fomenting anti-western feelings and for playing upon the deep hostilities within the area itself. The Russians, for instance, have now come out four-square behind the Arabs in their conflict with Israel; they are naturally encouraging the Arab critics of the Baghdad pact; they are also offering them arms, and economic, financial, and technical aid. Above all they are playing on the growing Arab nationalism and encouraging it to believe that the exploitation of the Middle East's oil resources by the Western Powers is a lingering form of colonialism. It seems to me that such policies are bound to have some success in an area like the Middle East; especially as Russia, unlike the West, is not concerned about maintaining peace or economic and social stability in the area.

At the beginning of last year I made a short visit to Formosa. Has it occurred to you that you have hardly heard the name of this island so much as mentioned in the past six or seven months? Do you remember the names of the Quemoy and the Matsus—the two groups of small Nationalist-held islands off the China mainland? At the time I was in Formosa last year these islands were daily in the news and the Formosa Strait was considered then to be the world's number one danger-spot. The Chinese Communists were flinging out threats about

liberating the islands; the Americans were replying hotly that they would defend them; while the British sat back filled with embarrassment and alarm. That particular threat of war seems to have evaporated during the past year—though not necessarily for ever. Why is this? Not being in the confidence of Mr. Chou En-lai, I can only guess. But the answer seems to me to be one which has a far wider application than to this single issue of the Formosa Strait. As I see it, neither the Chinese Communists nor the Russians are prepared to embark on policies or actions which involve the threat of open hostilities. They are not prepared because they know all about the devastating power of nuclear weapons and the serious probability that hostilities, once begun, cannot be localised or confined to so-called conventional warfare.

It seems to me to be reasonably certain that communist policy during 1956 is going to be to press forward as energetically and ruthlessly as possible, without provoking the risk of war, but through diplomacy and propaganda and offers of economic and technical aid in all those areas of the world which best lend themselves to such activities.

That means principally the Middle East, to an important extent south-east Asia, and possibly the continent of Africa. The slogan under which these activities will be carried out will be 'Russia, the great opponent of colonialism; Russia, the great helper of the dependent and underdeveloped states'. To meet this is going to need all the intelligence and all the resources of the free world.—*Home Service*

Putting the Brakes on Inflation

By A. J. BROWN

IT looks as though inflation is going to be troublesome again in 1956. I think we cannot help this, unless Mr. Macmillan tackles the problem in a rather different way from the conventional one that Mr. Butler used in 1955. For nearly fifteen years now, Chancellors have seen it as their duty to try to make the whole amount of spending in the country each year—spending by private families, firms, and the Government together—just about equal to the value of the goods and services that the country will produce with everyone, or nearly everyone, in employment. By value I mean the value of the goods and services we can produce reckoned at the prices that rule at the beginning of the year. If there is more spending than this, then either prices of goods and services will be pushed up, or we balance the difference between our expenditure and our production by importing more than we export.

In practice, probably both of these things happen at once; if we spend too much we may get both rising prices and balance of payments trouble together. This was what Mr. Butler feared in 1955, so he raised the Bank Rate in January and February to discourage spending that people or firms might be thinking of financing by borrowing. Then he discouraged it further in July by asking the banks to cut down loans; and finally, in his autumn Budget, he arranged to reduce people's spendable incomes by raising taxation without increasing the Government's expenditure to match.

His increase in Bank Rate at the beginning of the year seemed to have little effect, or only a temporary effect. This is no surprise to a good many economists, who have been saying for years that changes in Bank Rate cannot be expected to be very effective, except, perhaps, as a kind of signal about the sort of economic weather the Government expects. But there is apparently much more to show for the tightening up of the loans by banks since July. There has been a decrease since then both in the amount that banks have on loan to their customers and in the total amount of money in the country.

Another sign of success is what has happened to the prices of securities on the Stock Exchange. All through 1954 they were booming, which probably made the people who owned them feel richer and more inclined to spend. The increase in Bank Rate had only a temporary effect on them, too, and they rose to their highest peak in the summer. But since then they have fallen a good deal. Money is certainly getting tighter. We cannot tell yet how far this is affecting spending, because there are statistics only up to about the time of the autumn Budget, and until then things were going merrily—spending was probably increased, for the time being, by a desire to buy before any possible

raising of purchase tax. Nevertheless, the presumption is that, given a little more time, Mr. Butler's policies would reduce spending out of any given total of income, apart from what we pay to him in taxation.

But perhaps there we come up against the great snag. Can Mr. Butler's policy of 1955 really stop incomes from rising? It is clear that it has not so far shown any sign of stopping a rise in wages; in fact, the increase in purchase tax in the Budget has been quoted as a reason for demands for higher wages. In so far as these demands are satisfied, and in so far as prices of goods move up to keep pace with the increased cost of labour, the Government's attempt to stop inflation will fail. So the question really is whether the policy of making money tight and removing more of it by taxation can either stop the increased wage demands from being granted, or, if they are granted, stop prices from being raised to keep profits up. Common sense says that it will probably tend to do one or both of these things to some extent—but the question is, to what extent? More than enough to offset the inflationary effect of the Budget on wage demands, or less than enough? And how far would the Chancellor's policy have to be pushed to stop wages from rising faster than productivity?

These are difficult questions to answer. I think the evidence is against success; that to stop wages and prices from chasing each other in present conditions the new Chancellor, Mr. Macmillan, would have to push the present policy to the length of causing unemployment on something like the pre-war scale—which could hardly be the intention of any government now. We shall eventually have to tackle inflation from the other end by thinking of ways of restraining incomes—both wages and profits—by agreement. I do not mean simply that the Government should exhort people to limit wage claims and dividends, as was done seven years ago, though for a time that policy was quite effective. It looks as though we shall eventually have to recognise that each year the wage and salary bill of the country plus profits can increase only by a certain amount without causing inflation. How big that amount is will depend chiefly on how fast productivity rises as a whole—at present it might be £300,000,000 to £400,000,000 a year. Then we shall have somehow to agree that wage and salary increases granted shall be kept within a certain total, on the understanding that, by monetary and budgetary policy, the Government manages to keep profits within some agreed limit as well. This looks a formidable programme politically, and so it is; but 1956 may well rub in the lesson that we really have to think of something new if we are to have reasonably full employment and at the same time avoid inflation.

—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

Are the New Towns in the Wrong Places?

By EVA TAYLOR

I HAVE never heard any really serious discussion of just where new towns should be put. Most people think any pleasant spot will do—not too near the overflowing city (maybe London or Glasgow or Manchester) but not too far away; somewhere one would like to live oneself. And the Minister, or perhaps it is some famous Master planner, puts his finger on the map and says 'Let's put it there'.

But that is not nearly enough. The new towns going up, for example, at Harlow and Basildon, in Essex, are each to hold as many as 80,000 people. They are to be towns as big as Bath or Wigan. And which of these two are they going to be like? They must be industrial, like Wigan, say the planners, or we shall be building dormitories; but they are to be beautiful, like Bath, and people will gladly come to live there. We can agree that a modern industrial town can be cleaner and handsomer than Wigan. But Bath owes its beauty to its function as a place of resort, to its great age and its history. And our question is, 'Why did Bath grow up so lovely just here and Wigan grow up ugly just there?' The answer is easy. One grew up round a unique hot mineral spring, and the other over an exceptional outcrop of coal. That is the reason not only for their being where they are, but for their being so different. No one must put their finger on the map.

At present, if you can promise a new house, or new factory premises, you can get light-engineering industries, and the young married couples who work in them, to come to any point within easy reach of London. That means that the New Towns consist of rows of small houses pleasantly laid out, and factories standing side by side; but there is little else. Public buildings, shops, and a 'centre' are promised 'some day'. A town needs a 'heart' not a 'centre', and it ought to have a mind of its own, too, if it is to come alive. Towns are living organisms, not just groups of buildings: they are born, they grow, they can flourish or fall sick, they can be destroyed, or they may die a natural death. That is what happens bit by bit when they no longer have any useful function. The people of Coventry 'pitifully complained' to Queen Elizabeth I that their city was dying. They had lived by making caps—and now every-

one had started to wear hats! There seems already to have been a Welfare State, for an act of parliament was passed which said that everybody (except, of course, the nobility and gentry) had to wear a cap on Fridays, or else be fined 3s. 4d. I cannot suppose this was very effective once people's old caps wore out.



The Promenade and Regency houses of Cheltenham

Coventry had to think again. When I was small, over seventy years ago, we used to learn from our geography books that the town made ribbons, but by the time I grew up ribbons were out of fashion like Tudor caps. So now they made the new bicycles instead, and presently they were making the still newer motor-cars. Nowadays, Coventry has become a boom town. It has always had the big geographical advantage of being right in the centre of England. There used to be a monster eight-day fair every Whitsuntide—and then coal turned up near at hand.

Any town that has a really superlative geographical position is likely to grow much faster and much bigger than some people like. Already when Coventry was wailing about the caps there was an outcry about London being overgrown. The City of Westminster had been joined by ribbon development along the Strand—Walter Raleigh had a big house there—timber and firewood had almost disappeared for miles around, and the port was sucking the life out of all the small harbours round the Kent and Sussex coasts, or so their customs officers said. Parliament stepped in again, and in 1593 decreed that the capital was to stop growing at once. No new



'New Towns consist of rows of small houses, pleasantly laid out': a view in Harlow, Essex

Harlow Development Corporation

houses were to be built within three miles of it, and no existing large houses were to be divided up into tenements. The Elizabethans, in fact, were like the modern planners. They thought you could stop a child growing by saying it would not be allowed any bigger size in boots.

I remember overhearing an L.C.C. official say (in an unbuttoned moment), 'We want to decant 3,000,000 of them'—he meant Londoners—'then we shall be comfortable'. But even when all the London New Towns are full, they are planned to take only a little over a tenth of 3,000,000. And Harlow planners not long ago discovered that you must not 'decant' nearly as many as 80,000 people if you want to fill a town of that size. The place is already simply swarming with babies. Crawley Corporation has discovered the same thing, and they are proud of the fact that not one in ten of their people is middle-aged or old. In a normal town it is one in three. But I feel pretty sure that the young housewives and the children miss the old grannies and aunts. However, that is for the sociologists. What the ordinary person should keep on saying (if he really wants a smaller London) is this: 'It's no good pulling out the plug if you leave the taps running'.

Let us get back to our own question: Where should a town be? The Romans thought town life was a civilising influence; so they built towns at the usual meeting places of the 'barbarians' they conquered. What they built was not houses, but a town wall and public buildings—the courts of justice, the forum, the baths, the temples: that made the natives ready enough, then, to come and build their houses and shops there themselves. It is the very essence of a town that it is a place of assembly, where people move in crowds and rub shoulders together. So natural accessibility has always been important in deciding a town's success. Look at the number of river routes that converge on Paris, or the great natural crossroads where Milan stands; and London is not only where river and tideway meet, but where the tideway opens out in just the right direction—a piece of good fortune that Bristol missed! Obviously any original geographical advantage has to be stamped in by man-made devices like roads, bridges, railways, and so on. But it is there, all the same.

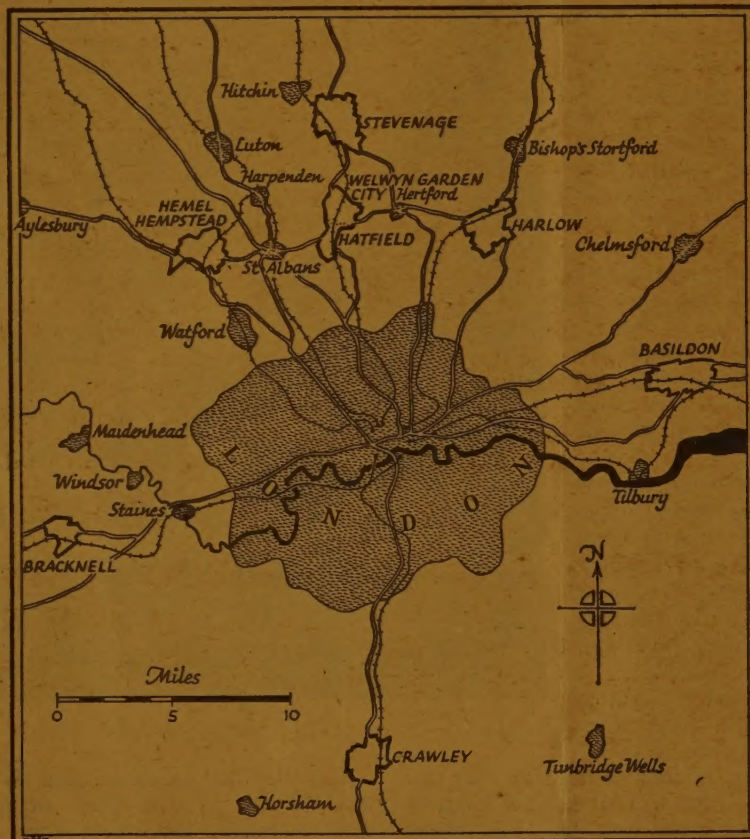
So, as I see it, towns flourish only where geography permits. Some people quote Alexandria as a city that did not grow but was artificially created. The life-span of a city is so different from that of a man that unluckily one cannot be present both at its birth and when it is mature. So we can only guess whether Alexander really recognised the geographical advantages of the site. We have only got Strabo's story written 300 years later. He says that on his way to consult the oracle the great man noticed how the little island of Pharos, lying just west of the Canopic mouth of the Nile, protected a natural harbour with deep water between two headlands. And he saw, too, that there was only a little village on the spot. The reason for that (says Strabo) was because the Egyptians, a people so unlike the Greeks, did not want contacts with the outside world. They were satisfied with the muddy, shallow, and difficult delta channels into their country. Alexander ordered his city to be laid out on the mile-wide strip lying between the natural sea harbour and Lake Mareotis, and the first thing the architects did was to chalk out the lines of the walls and lay out the street plan. When Strabo saw the place there were big docks on both sea and lake shores, numbers of canals linking the lake to the Nile, as well as to the Mediterranean, and other splendid public buildings. But the germ of it all was the natural harbour, kept clear by the set of the current which sweeps all Nile mud eastwards.

The germ of London was gravel, which makes dry terraces above

the river mud, and the Roman engineers looked for gravel both for the footings of the bridge and for the first garrison town. In fact as a formula for choosing a town site, 'Put it on the gravel' used to be a very good one. Gravel gives you plenty of pure, clear water, and is a great purifier of sewage. Both sewage and water supply have given our New Town planners some terrible headaches, and now they mean some terribly costly schemes for us tax-payers. Unluckily gravel today has become a 'touch-me-not'; to build over it is to lose it, and it is needed in enormous quantities for concrete, so the Government is worried over the very limited supply. The map really ought to be covered with 'Keep Off' notices to planners, or they are bound to make mistakes. They did that when they chose the site of Peterlee in Durham. For they discovered too late (though they might have found it out) that there were coal seams underneath. And wherever there is mining, or coal or anything else, there is likely to be subsidence. So the Peterlee Corporation now has to pay the National Coal Board compensation for sterilising the coal under the town centre. And the country just cannot afford to lose coal like that.

Another big 'Keep Off' notice would be put up by Professor Stamp, who is the guardian of our agricultural land. Planners must be warned off not only the first-class and the good quality farm land but even off that of moderate quality. For altogether we have got only about half an acre each, which is only half of what is necessary to feed us. Think of the tens of thousands of acres that have been designated for New Towns as twice that number of tens of thousands of people robbed of their half-acre.

Some planners insist that urban needs must come before farming. At first sight, of course, it looks easy to satisfy both sides. Professor Stamp's map of Land Use shows plenty of poor quality land of next to no value to the farmer. Most of this, however, is in rough and hilly country where one could not hope to build a town. But even round London there are some great heaths and commons which stretch for miles without a single house or farm. It was on one of these that we all thought the Bracknell



Map showing (in heavy outline) the London New Towns

New Town was going to be built. Bracknell is just a village (at least it was until a year or two ago) which has a big heath to the south of it—running all the way to Bagshot and Crowthorne—and all good farming country to the north. It is just where the unfertile sand tails off and the clay appears. Everyone was astounded when there came a spate of notices to quit to farmers and small-holders and allotment holders. Gardens were chopped off and bungalows pulled down. 'Why don't they build on the Crown Lands?' (that is, the heath) everyone said. But it appears that this particular sand is like the sand in the Bible: if you were to build streets and factories on it, their foundations would shift or give way. The local builders say they knew all about this, but their opinion was never asked. Anyhow, it is a reminder that if a piece of land is left unused in a very old and over-populated country like ours, there is likely to be a good reason for it.

I happen to live at Bracknell. From the very spot where I used to hear the nightingale sing, I now hear a factory siren. So I am prejudiced about New Towns. All the same, I cannot believe the planners have been wise in the way they have spaced them. I have lived long enough to see the country population regroup itself when the old carrier's cart was replaced by the motor-bus; and the population of London regroup itself when the electric trains and Green Line buses came. All the New Towns are too close to other towns or to one another, and much too close to London. Stevenage is farthest away, but it is only thirty-two miles. Bracknell and Crawley are thirty miles out, Harlow twenty-three miles, Hatfield still nearer. That makes nonsense of the idea that they

all to be self-centred, self-contained, and self-sufficient. Harlow, they suggest, is to become the 'regional capital' of north-west Essex. The biggest daily surge in and out of London is from places up to twenty or twenty-five miles away, but there are plenty of people who do not think thirty miles too much. Moreover, the employment provided in the New Towns is almost all factory work, whereas the greater proportion of people in the Metropolitan area are not factory workers. When the new generation grows up in these towns they are likely to be in the flood of season ticket holders or leave the New Towns.

The fact that the Hertfordshire group is too closely bunched is clear enough to anyone who knows the county, where St. Albans and nearby Luton are already breaking bounds. Hatfield, Welwyn, and Stevenage are all set just six miles apart along the notorious Great North Road, so overcrowded and dangerous already. It is all very well to mark a by-pass road or a green belt on the plan. That does not bring them into being. In the case of Bracknell, ribbon development already nearly joins it to Wokingham, four miles away, and Wokingham already meets the suburbs of Reading.

It is interesting to notice, however, why Bracknell, apart from the green heath, did remain so quiet and countrified, like all east Berkshire. The whole region, in fact, was sheltered from the advance of outer London by the barrier of the Thames. The river takes a great slant across country from Marlow to Chertsey, and there are only two good bridges across it. One is at Maidenhead, which carries the Great West Road, well away to the north of Bracknell, and the other is the Staines bridge, which carries the Plymouth road, running well away to the south. The winding road through Ascot, Bracknell, and Wokingham takes off from the main road at Virginia Water, after you have crossed the Staines bridge. This bridge is already a notorious bottleneck, and to build a new factory town behind it can only aggravate the nuisance. It was another river, in this case the Lea, that left Harlow rustic. Already the new Harlow townspeople are complaining of the wretched little country railway station and slow time-table. They have opened a helicopter station so that V.I.P.s can pop out to them in under a quarter

of an hour—all of which does not look like a self-sufficient town that turns its back on London.

But one ought not to criticise without making some positive suggestions. I should begin with this formula: no New Town within forty miles of a town with 1,000,000 or more people, or within twenty miles of one with 100,000 or more. Only dormitories and satellites can be built inside these limits. But it is even more important to study where people go of their own accord, and to analyse minutely the why and wherefore of natural growing points and what are the centres of attraction in live towns. These are what should be fostered and imitated and money spent on them. One of the horrible things about our present New Towns is that everything is done from the outside and not from within. It is Big Brother who dictates what your front garden is to be like, and whether you may have a television aerial. The New Town corporation, besides, has no legal concern about the original inhabitants of the place. At Bracknell, for example, people in Nissen huts and caravans take a poor view of the strangers being brought in and made much of and given lovely houses.

At Corby, however, there is an exceptional case where the rather dangerous lopsided growth of a 'natural' New Town is being corrected by putting in one of these New Town corporations which is working happily it seems with the older Urban District Council. Corby was practically a 'company' town, built not so long ago on an iron-ore field to manufacture steel. So most of the people were steel-workers under a single firm, and all these workers were male. Under the new plan, factories are being built that employ women and girls, and there is to be some alternative employment for men who do not want jobs at the steel works. The nearest really big towns are all twenty or more miles away, so it has not been very difficult to get some of the favourite multiple shops to come in and an outdoor market going. In its latest report, the corporation lets out that they have actually let a bookie open an office. Perhaps Big Brother was away, or perhaps steel-workers (many were brought down from Scotland) have an emphatic way of speaking.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

Reflections on the Case of Burgess and Maclean

By LORD BEVERIDGE

THERE cannot be many of us with whom the affair of Maclean and Burgess does not leave an uneasy feeling and a desire to manage things better in future. In saying this I am not thinking primarily of the question of defence against spies and traitors. That is a matter on which the Government has acted already, by appointing a Committee for Review of Security Procedure. Leave this, for the moment, to the Government. What seems to me a matter of general interest, and well worth examining further in public, can be introduced by saying that Burgess and Maclean, apart from their spying and treachery, showed themselves openly to be undesirable people to keep in a service of decent traditions and high trust. Yet they were kept for many years, and one of them, after behaving in a way too foul for public description, was transferred to a post of great importance in dealing with America. How on earth could such a thing happen?

Why did all the highly respectable people in authority over these mad men suffer so many years from blindness or complaisance about them? To me, this deplorable affair is best regarded as a relic of the tradition that the Civil Service is for everybody who enters it a career for life, a career to which one should be tied, among other things, by the Civil Service pension system. This system works both ways. Till recently, if one left the Civil Service while in good health before the age of sixty, one got nothing for one's old age in return for the years of public service one had given. Now, the age for optional retirement without loss of accrued pension has been lowered to fifty, but the old principle remains. The principle meant in practice that the only people who could afford to leave important posts in the Civil Service while still in the prime of life were people whom big business was ready to pay out. Equally it meant that though formally any Civil Servant could be dismissed at a moment's notice, in fact a tradition grew up of not getting rid of him for fear of causing hardship, even when he was clearly unfit for the Service.

My own view is that since every person of working and earning age will inevitably, unless he dies first, come to an age when he cannot

work, he should by each individual year of work acquire a claim to proportionate provision for his old age. If he is destined to die young, before reaching pension age, he ought, as he works, to be establishing a claim year by year to provide for his widow and children. He should carry that claim with him for himself and his family, irrespective of change or loss of employment.

The practical moral which reflection on the disappearing diplomats suggests to me is that the time has come for a comprehensive review of all the different forms of provision for old age, in the Civil Service, in local government, in the military services, in the universities and among teachers of all kinds, in employers' pensions schemes, and so on. The aim of that review should be to make all these systems in one way or another interchangeable and fair as between one and another. They should be framed to make change of occupation as easy as possible, not as hard as possible. This means that one could change occupation, or be compelled to change it, without losing what one had earned for old age by past work. It does not mean reducing all the different schemes to one scheme. Each employment has its special problems and needs a pension scheme taking account of these problems. It is possible to make schemes of pensions interchangeable and fair without destroying individuality. That is what all concerned with such schemes should take as their New Year task. I cannot help feeling that if it had been easier in practice for the Civil Service to say goodbye to Maclean and Burgess for their public misdeeds, these men would have had a shorter run for treachery.

I do not mean to suggest that the importance of making all forms of provision for old age more easily interchangeable than they are today is the only moral to draw from that highly immoral pair. There is a different question as to the limits on personal liberty that should be imposed on Civil Servants and other people in posts of special responsibility. How to combine security for all with individual liberty for all who want it is one of the general problems of tomorrow.

—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

The Listener

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Gilbert Murray, O.M.

TO Dr. Gilbert Murray, who was ninety last Monday, we offer our congratulations and good wishes. In the talk which he broadcast on the eve of his birthday and which appears in our columns this week, he gives some account of his life and of the two main enterprises to which so much of it has been devoted, the teaching of Greek and the building of world peace. It is difficult to think of any one man who has done more than he has during this troubled century to promote the cause of civilisation and to open the minds of numberless people in this and other countries to the riches of an ancient culture and to an awareness of the kind of world we are living in today. Nor is it inappropriate to add that among the benefits the invention of wireless has bestowed on the present generation is the opportunity it has afforded to millions of listeners to hear Dr. Murray's voice and—one hopes—to absorb something of his wisdom.

For one so deeply immersed in scholarship and learning it would have been an easy choice to follow a cloistered career and to be content to win for himself—as indeed he has—an honoured place in the life of the academy. Such a course might have been considered only natural. But, as he explains in his talk, the 'Castle Howard' influence kept him keenly interested in politics; and the shock of the first world war, so far from driving him back to the refuge of his study or in any way embittering his outlook, offered him, and through him countless others, a fresh inspiration. Out of the chaos he determined that, so far as in him lay, order should be built, and so he devoted himself to the task of fostering international co-operation and establishing the League of Nations. After the war he and Lord Cecil—now in his ninety-second year—placed themselves at the head of this new movement, and under their leadership the League of Nations Union (together with similar societies in other countries) became for many in those seemingly far off days the means of expression for the hope and faith that was dawning in the world.

Inevitably, since he had entered the dusty arena of world politics, Dr. Murray, along with others who championed the cause of the League of Nations, became a figure of controversy, not in the party political sense but in the broader context of foreign policy. Because the hopes that he cherished were dashed it has been argued that the faith that he propounded was misplaced. In a sense it was. But that is far from suggesting that faith in the ultimate triumph of those values which lay at the root of the Great Experiment was in any way misplaced, or, for the matter of that, is dead today. It most emphatically is not. As Dr. Murray says, the battle is not finished, so it is certainly not lost. But, as he also points out, the dangers are great, and the concluding words of his broadcast may be read as a challenge and a spur to all of us in the fiercer and more explosive atmosphere of 1956 to carry on with the good work. No one can foretell what is going to happen. It may well be that more terrifying ordeals than those we have already known are yet to fall upon us. Indeed there seems no limit in the imagination to the awful destiny that may await the human race. But so long as men are capable of rising above their baser selves and of bending their efforts towards the pursuit of goodness, truth, and beauty, so long will the culture of ancient Europe and all that flowered from it be revered. So long, too, will the name of one of its most renowned interpreters be held in honour.

As announced in THE LISTENER on November 3 a Gilbert Murray fund is being collected to further Greek studies and international co-operation. Contributions may be sent to the fund, 25 Charles Street, London, W.1

What They Are Saying

Christmas and New Year messages on the air

MANY RADIO STATIONS in the world broadcast New Year messages and commentaries. On December 31, Moscow radio broadcast a report of an interview between Mr. Bulganin and an American journalist in which the Soviet Prime Minister said that 1956 would see a further improvement in relations among peoples and the relaxation of international tension. He added that he thought a new conference of the four Heads of State could be fruitful if due consideration was given to the interests of all the parties concerned. He concluded with a New Year message to the American people, expressing his faith in future co-operation and understanding between Russia and the United States.

Mr. Dulles, commenting on Mr. Bulganin's expressions of hope for better relations, said: 'I'm glad he said something we can agree with.' In his New Year messages, Mr. Dulles said that the free world had done much in 1955 to consolidate its position and prevent open warfare. The Soviet rulers were now turning to other devices, but he was confident that these too would fail. On December 30, the White House issued a statement in reply to Mr. Khrushchev's accusations in the Supreme Soviet on the previous day, in which he charged President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles with violating the spirit of Geneva by sending to the east European peoples Christmas messages expressing the hope that they would eventually regain their national freedom. The White House statement said it had been made abundantly clear to the Soviet leaders at Geneva that the Geneva spirit did not involve any relaxation of America's desire to secure liberty and justice for all oppressed peoples. The statement added:

The peaceful liberation of the captive peoples has been, is, and until success is achieved—will continue to be the major goal of United States foreign policy.

On January 1, the Hungarian Communist Prime Minister described the American Christmas message as 'crude interference in the internal affairs' of the countries concerned. The west German radio broadcast a New Year statement by the chairman of the west German trade union organisation, appealing to the free nations not to let the 18,000,000 people of east Germany remain under a regime of oppression. Calling on trade unionists to take 'reunification in freedom' as their motto for 1956, Herr Freitag promised that no one would interfere with the social achievements of east Germany—'if there were any'.

In a broadcast on New Year's Eve, the Federal German President Herr Heuss, said that the so-called 'Democratic Republic' in east Germany was regarded by the Communists as a preserve in which the seedlings of Communism were being nurtured in preparation for German reunification, with the seedlings intended for growth in western Germany. In his New Year message, the east German Prime Minister Herr Grotewohl, called on the German people to continue 'the struggle for the democratisation of the whole of Germany'. Events in the past year had shown that east Germany was the 'legitimate' German State. In his New Year message, Dr. Adenauer declared that his Government's policy in 1956 would be to reunite Germany, secure the unity of Europe and continue the fight against Communism—'the greatest danger threatening the liberty and culture of the free nations'. He added that a policy of neutralisation would mean not only the end of a free and united Germany, but also the end of European freedom.

The Soviet home radio broadcast the following version of the Pope's Christmas message:

In his Christmas message, Pope Pius XII dwelt especially on the prohibition of atomic and hydrogen weapons. Obviously taking into account the mood of rank-and-file Catholics, Pius XII stressed the great importance of this question for the consolidation of peace and expressed support for the proposals to renounce tests of the nuclear weapon, to prohibit its use, and to establish arms control.

Moscow radio also gave publicity to the Dean of Canterbury's Christmas message to readers of the *Daily Worker*:

The star of peace, as in the old Christmas legend, rises in the East. . . . The West only speaks of peace, while the East implements it.

The *Melbourne Herald*, commenting on the irony of the U.S.S.R.'s condemnation of colonialism, said:

All that can be deduced from the Moscow speeches is that the Communist drive for influence will continue through 1956 by all means short of war. . . . It emphasises the still vital requirement of a united and vigilant free world.

Did You Hear That?

TRAPPING ENERGY FROM THE SUN

IN NOVEMBER, SCIENTISTS from thirty-five different countries held a conference in America—at Phoenix, Arizona—to discuss new ways and means of using the sun's energy. One of them, Dr. F. N. WOODWARD, has recently returned from this conference. He is the Director of the Institute of Seaweed Research at Inveresk, near Edinburgh.

In a message to 'Current Affairs for Schools' Dr. Woodward said: 'Yes, I have returned from Arizona where there is always sunshine; really hot sunshine, too. I went there together with 700 scientists, engineers, and architects from all over the world to take part in the first conference ever held to try to find better methods for using the energy locked up in sunlight.'

'We have all amused ourselves at some time by focusing the sun's rays through a magnifying glass on to a piece of paper which in a matter of seconds becomes charred and then bursts into flames. That is one of the methods now being employed to make use of the sun's heat energy for industrial purposes. A French professor named Trombe, for instance, has been experimenting with this type of furnace for many years. Instead of a magnifying glass he uses huge, curved mirrors to focus the sun's rays on to the substance to be heated. The biggest one he has made, so far, is thirty-five feet in diameter: this is so powerful that temperatures higher than 3,000 degrees Centigrade are obtained, sufficient to melt any metal and to vaporise some. It has been built high up in the mountains between France and Spain.'

'Another way of trapping the sun's energy is by using a "flat plate collector". This is really a very small greenhouse. It consists simply of a blackened copper or aluminium plate mounted close behind a sheet of glass at right angles to the sun's rays. The rays pass through the glass and heat up the blackened metal sheet. To the back of this sheet are attached metal pipes, and the water to be heated is pumped through them.'

These collectors are mainly used for supplying hot water to houses in sunny countries. In Florida, for instance, since the war, at least 50,000 houses have had these solar heating units installed. They cost only about £40 to put in and, of course, cost nothing to run.

'I must try to answer the question: what is the connection between seaweed and the sun? Seaweeds are just plants whose home is the sea. Like plants growing in soil, such as wheat, potatoes, and grass, they need sunshine for healthy growth. The main difference is that they take in their nourishment from water through their leaves, whereas land plants use their roots for this purpose. Fresh-water ponds, as well as the sea, often have rootless plants growing in them: these are usually smaller than the seaweeds. The most common is *chlorella*, which floats as a green scum on stagnant ponds in summer. The interesting thing about this plant is that it can be made to grow in a tank in a factory just as easily as in a pond, and it can be grown very much more rapidly than any agricultural crop. It does not need soil but it does need sunshine, and the intense sunlight of desert areas, where normally no food can be grown, can be used to help it grow. So it is

more than likely that soon we shall be having *chlorella* soup for dinner. I do not know whether we shall like it at first, but it certainly will be nutritious and wholesome. And we could not have had it without the help of the sun'.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH CHINTZ

In Manchester an exhibition is being held at the Cotton Board Design Centre: it is called 'English Chintz: two centuries of changing taste'. PETER FLOUD of the Victoria and Albert Museum, which has assembled the exhibition, explained in 'The Eye-witness' that the textiles have been used to trace the developments in our fashions almost year by year over the past 200 years. They have been able to do this because of what he describes as some lucky and quite unexpected discoveries.

'Our first find, among some unsorted Manchester archives', he said, 'was a unique book of more than 200 eighteenth-century patterns, wonderful patterns many of them, with great flowers and birds and mythological figures. This threw a completely new light on a period about which our knowledge previously was extremely sketchy, and it incidentally showed that early English furnishing designs were of a much higher standard than has usually been thought. Later we came across two other quite separate sets of records. The first batch was up in Carlisle. These covered the period 1800 to 1840, literally week by week. The second batch was a vast mass of textile samples—over 20,000 of them—registered with the Patent Office by textile printers almost day by day for copyright purposes, from 1840 onwards, but which strangely enough had never been examined before.'

'With these records as a sort of calendar of design, we have combed the various collections here and in the United States and in France, and picked out and dated the 300 or so examples

which between them can best tell the story of English printed textiles right up to the present day. And I think we can say that there are few gaps in the story. There are a few, of course: for instance we simply cannot find a single example of the printed chair seats and chair backs which we know were fashionable for about five years between 1798 and 1803.

'I think the result of the exhibition is exciting, for it shows an extraordinary and quite unexpected variety of designs and colours and styles. I think it will explode once and for all the idea that there are two quite different things—on the one hand, an old-fashioned traditional English chintz style, and something quite different, a new, so-called contemporary style'.

THE HIGHLAND BAGPIPE

SEUMAS MACNEILL is Principal of the College of Piping and Lecturer in Physics at Glasgow University. He spoke in 'Science Survey' about the Highland bagpipe and its unusual musical scale. 'The bagpipe', he



Eighteenth-century chintz design, from the 'English Chintz' exhibition: a hunting scene in purple, blue, red, yellow, and brown. Printed in 1769 by Robert Jones at Old Ford, near London

Photograph: Victoria and Albert Museum

said, 'is one of the oldest of all musical instruments: it has been played in most countries of Europe and Asia since early historical times. Even today different forms of the instrument are in use in at least seven countries of Europe.

'Most people, however, associate bagpipes almost exclusively with Scotland, for in this one country the tradition of piping has grown rather than declined with time. Not only is the Scottish bagpipe played by thousands of Scotsmen, but it has also been adopted by several nations in preference to their own form of the instrument. It has, in fact, largely superseded the traditional pipe in England, France, India, and Pakistan.

'It is perhaps strange that this apparently unsophisticated instrument should continue to flourish in modern times, and equally strange that it should have such peculiar effects upon people who hear it. No music is so passionately loved by its devotees, and so intensely disliked by its opponents. Nobody is indifferent to the sound of the bagpipe—either it delights or it exasperates, it appeals or it appals.

'This sharp division of opinion is largely due to the peculiar musical scale of the pipe chanter, the chanter of course being the part which produces the melody. Musically our desires are determined by what we are accustomed to. If we are brought up with a musical background such as the bagpipe expresses, then no other instrument can sound so sweet to us. The converse of this is also true, as pipers soon find out.

'No matter which side that puts you on emotionally, the scale of an instrument that has such a large following throughout the world is still of great interest scientifically and musically. Many attempts have been made in the past to measure this scale but most of them have been unsuccessful. The reason for this is owing partly to the unstable nature of the instrument. It operates by having air blown into a sheepskin bag which acts as a reservoir for supplying the chanter and drone reeds. The pitch of these reeds varies a good deal with temperature and with humidity, so that keeping a set of pipes accurately in tune over a long period is indeed an extremely difficult task.

'All the early methods of measuring the scale involved having the piper play each note for several minutes, while tuning forks or stretched wires were adjusted to the same frequency. By the time the top notes were reached the change of temperature alone must have thrown the scale out of balance.

'In addition, the scientist had to depend on the piper to produce the correct scale, and sometimes the choice of piper was a little unfortunate. One of the early experimenters, A. J. Ellis, working in 1885, measured the scale as played by his friend Charles Keene, who was a well-known *Punch* cartoonist. Keene was an amateur piper and an Englishman, neither of which qualifications made him exactly suitable as a standard.

'Pipers themselves have made some measurements, but as far as they are concerned none had any training in scientific method, and their results only added to the confusion. In addition, there have been plenty of theoreticians eager to expound armchair solutions, but they, without exception, have always been determined to make the pipe scale fit into the so-called "just" scale. Being themselves accustomed to the mean-tempered scale, which is an approximation to the just scale, they were prepared to allow for a certain amount of compromise, but where they detected too great a deviation in a note they condemned the pipes as being out of tune.

'This attitude was not confined to theoreticians, however, for Dr. G. E. Allan made some experiments just before the war with a view to designing a pipe chanter that would play the mean-tempered scale.

He considered that if he were successful this would be a great boon to humanity, for, as he said, the non-pipers would then be able to enjoy the music of the pipes, while pipers, having no ear for music anyway would not notice any difference'.

REVOLUTION ESPRESSO

'Changes in the catering trade do occur from time to time, but they do not usually bring about the strange social ferment that the *espresso* coffee-machine was to produce, and clearly no one was more surprised than the pioneers who introduced it into this country', said JOSEPH PEARSON, in a talk in the Third Programme. 'It seems to have been largely a matter of chance. The normal English caterers would have nothing to do with the machine, and after the Milan dentist, Dr. Pina Riservato, had set up a company to import his new machine, the first few bars were owned by people who were essentially catering free-lances. With the outlay fairly cheap, and profits considerable, a mass of new recruits and new ideas were brought into what is traditionally one of the most conservative industries in the world. And it was not only the people who owned the coffee bars who provided the new ideas, but the people who served in them as well.

'From the first, the success of the coffee bars was phenomenal. Being wise after the event, I suppose it is easy to understand at least part of this success and to look back to any evening in London before 1952 to realise how few were the places where younger people could go for a cheap night out. Compared with almost every other entertainment the coffee bars were convenient and wonderfully undemanding. Go into any large coffee bar at the rush hour: it is rather like entering a ghost train, except that whereas there all the tricks of the trade are directed towards horror, here they are turned towards atmosphere. Soft lights will soothe you, foreign accents will surround you, cacti will beckon to you, palm fronds may even touch your cheek. Half-close your eyes and you will be abroad, surrounded by all the glamour you remember or would like to have remembered.

'For this you will have to thank the handful of designers who evolved the decoration of the first coffee bars, and it is undoubtedly to them that the coffee-bar movement owes most of its

success. With a remarkable perception of what was in the air, they found something that exactly suited the mood of post-war younger England. There was greenery and lushness and warmth and an emphasis, in the decor and the dishes, on places like Italy and Mexico where life is supposed to be fuller and hotter—for however popular the U.S.A. may once have been with the young, it is no longer fashionable. Sometimes during the last ten years there has occurred one of those inexplicable shifts of national taste from the New World back to the Old, and it is this shift that the *espresso* bars have been cashing in on. They represent the triumph of bamboo over chrome, coffee over "coke", of *mañana* over the hustle and ruthless competitiveness of the hot-dog bar. They seem to have succeeded in popularising a new style of decoration, on a scale which even the Festival of Britain failed to achieve.

'But the interesting thing is that this style is not exactly uniform. It varies, as do the bars themselves, from place to place. Various parts of London appear to have affinities with various nationalities. In Soho inevitably, it is Italy. Hampstead seems to have a slight tendency towards Spain, and the north of Oxford Street towards France. But as far as coffee bars go, Knightsbridge is the new cosmopolis. In Knightsbridge you can drink your *espresso* coffee in surroundings reminiscent of Cuba, of Arabia, or even of China'.



A piper of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

What is American Conservatism?

By PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

THE very word 'conservatism' has a peculiarly un-American ring about it. The United States is a country associated in our minds with change, with overtaking the future rather than preserving the past. True, the New World has a tradition to conserve—but it is an overwhelmingly liberal tradition. There have always been, and still are, plenty of Americans, particularly in New England and the South, who do have aristocratic yearnings, who deplore, on social and even intellectual grounds, the open society. But these frustrated yearnings are essentially those of a middle-class attempting, somewhat guiltily and self-consciously, to escape from a dominating egalitarian background. The fact that these would-be aristocrats model themselves so closely on Old World intellectual attitudes and social customs suggests that they find little to their taste at home in the United States.

'Alien Child in a Liberal Family'

Again, it is arguable that, at least in the South, conservatism has genuine roots. Admittedly, southern political conservative thinkers did make a determined attempt before the civil war to introduce the *ancien régime* into the New World. But even without the albatross of slavery hanging round their necks I cannot help thinking that their effort was doomed from the start. It involved them in too many absurdities. It was reasonable enough for European conservatives to sound the tocsin against Jacobinism. Robespierre, after all, was a real bogymen worth taking seriously. But when the principal bogymen available to the southern conservatives was Thomas Jefferson, and to their successors Franklin Roosevelt, it is not surprising that American conservatism has always seemed somewhat unnecessary. The truth is, as Professor Hartz has recently observed in his brilliant book on *The Liberal Tradition in America*, the South has always been an alien child in a liberal family, tortured and confused, driven to a phantasy life which instead of disproving the hold of liberalism in America portrays more poignantly than anything else the tyranny that liberalism has had.

If we dismiss the South as of only marginal significance in the search for an American conservative tradition, where else can we look? What about American business, or McCarthy and his followers? We all know that American industrial barons have sometimes been fiercely reactionary in their politics, but at least in their speeches they always cling to the sonorous liberal platitudes. If you called Carnegie, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Frick, or Henry Ford a conservative he would have put his lawyers on you for defamation of character. And rightly so. How could men who transformed a continent, revolutionised the habits of mankind, men bound by no affection for the past, be termed conservative? They were some of the greatest innovators since the Creator made the universe out of chaos.

Except for the merely acquisitive desire to hang on to what they had, American capitalists have never shown much understanding of what conservatism is about. The critics of American capitalism have shown even less. Their main object has not been to check the depredations or greed of business men out for the main chance, but rather to make sure that everyone else has an opportunity to do likewise. They have not so much tried to stabilise and civilise American society, or to limit the restless urge that has kept the continent in a state of flux, as to prevent those in the forefront of the economic race trying to conserve their position by putting an end to the race. They have opposed cartels, monopoly, and other restrictive practices, as evidence of an improper concern on the part of the industrial barons for security and a settled life. In other words, they have never really objected to revolutionary capitalism, but only to capitalists who have become conservative. As for McCarthyism, it seems to me that this whole conformist movement represents not conservatism, but the ever latent intolerance of an overwhelmingly liberal society, hitherto accustomed to having its own way absolutely, when it first meets a serious ideological challenge, such as communism. Search as we may, conservatism, it seems to me, sounds no substantial echo in the American past.

Yet today, visit any American university, read any intellectual or

business journal or serious newspaper, and the word 'conservative' keeps recurring like a holy incantation. Young dons will proudly inform you that there is a conservative revival on the campus, and you are as likely as not to find Burke replacing Jefferson on the students' bookshelves. On a recent visit to one of the best New York bookshops I was surprised to see, not progressive volumes mapping out a rosy future, but row after row of weighty studies of the American heritage. This, I hasten to say, was a bookshop run by eggheads for eggheads and probably customers and management to a man voted for Adlai Stevenson in 1952. Its proud display of conservative literature had nothing to do with love for the Republicans or fear of McCarthyism. The titles of five of the volumes on display are self-explanatory. *Road to the Right*, by Gordon Harrison; *Programme for Conservatives* and the *Conservative Mind*, both by Russell Kirk; *Conservatism in America* by Clinton Rossiter; and *Conservatism Revisited* by Peter Viereck. They are all highly intelligent, stimulating, scholarly works. And in one form or another they all advocate a good dose of conservatism as a cure for America's ills.

I would like here to say why these New World Tories, much as I sympathise with their principles and admire their eloquence, strike me as a shade naive and even potentially dangerous. I think they are naive because, with the exception of Mr. Rossiter, they overlook the essential liberalism of the American tradition; and dangerous because, if they succeeded in establishing a genuinely conservative movement in America, they would also run the risk of producing, as a reflex action, a genuinely socialist movement, which hitherto America has notably lacked. The success of the American experiment to date at least partly rests on there being no ideological differences dividing the parties. In a country of continental proportions, with all the divisive tensions of mixed populations, geographical diversity, and economic conflicts of interest, the additional strain of ideological disagreement might well prove too much for national unity to bear. The only time in American history when the parties were divided on ideological grounds did in fact lead to civil war. I think this is the reason why Burke, if he had been an American, would probably have been a liberal. He would surely have recognised, unlike his American disciples, that the unifying liberal tradition in which the American system is rooted could all too easily be endangered by a conservative movement; that a conservative movement, in short, would be likely to have profoundly unconservative consequences.

Lack of the Feudal Heritage

After all, if conservatism is to have a healthy growth it must be planted in the right kind of soil. It seems to me that the most striking thing about American history, the most profound difference between the New and the Old World, is that the United States skipped the feudal era or, if you prefer it, the heritage of a corporate society. Some aspects of the feudal era lasted into the New World, but to all intents and purposes it lacks the feudal heritage. 'The American', as Tocqueville saw, 'was born free without having to become so'. I cannot see how the conservatism of Burke and Disraeli, or even of John Adams himself, can possibly take root in a soil bereft of feudal compost. One of the central characteristics of the non-feudal society, to quote again Mr. Louis Hartz, 'is that it lacks a genuine revolutionary tradition. And this being the case, it lacks also a tradition of reaction'. With men like Washington and Jefferson as the revolutionaries, it is not surprising that America has never produced a genuine reactionary like de Maistre, or at least never produced a de Maistre able to command a serious national hearing.

In Europe the conservative tradition grew up in reaction against the destructive forces which society engendered in the course of freeing itself from the feudal straitjacket. But in America, which never experienced feudalism in any real sense, and which therefore never experienced the passionate resentment against the *ancien régime*, conservatism has never enjoyed any real *raison d'être*. A political tradition develops in response to a challenge. Deny it the challenge and you stultify its growth. In a land where liberalism has destroyed nothing,

as Mr. Hartz put it, except the Indians, how could would-be conservatives denounce it in good conservative terms as being explosive or Utopian?

That is one point. But if European conservatism developed in an effort to control the explosive forces released by the liberal revolt against authority, it could, again unlike its American counterpart, also draw upon an attitude of mind that was a direct inheritance of the feudal ethos. The myriad associations of class, guild, church and place, in terms of which feudal society defined a man's life, still play a large part in the European conservative pattern of society. The concept of status, which still very greatly influences European political and social arrangements, of each man having a place in the social hierarchy, of society as a network of interdependent units woven into a common pattern, are all part of the carry-over from Europe's feudal experience. But, by skipping the feudal era, American society has never been able to understand the concept of class, except in the crudest Marxist sense of one group having more hard cash than the next.

A country that is born free, as it was America's unique good fortune to be, that finds freedom the point of departure rather than the goal, the foundation rather than the crown of her national destiny, will clearly be more optimistic about the nature of man and the possibilities of progress than will a society that sees freedom as a frail and precious plant for ever threatened by the gales that blow in the Old World. Conservatism represents the sceptical and cautious side of human nature that sees in history too many examples of the sinfulness of man and the fragility of civilisation to look to the future with any degree of enthusiasm. But the size and variety of North America, the abundance of natural resources, the immense currents of immigration, the frontier, the omnipresence of the feeling of freedom and adventure—all these factors and many others helped to create a social and intellectual soil in which the flower of conservatism withered and died. America has not been a rocky field in which conservatism could take no nourishment. Indeed, there have been American conservative thinkers of great distinction. Rather it has been, as Mr. Rossiter puts it, 'a lush jungle in which a more adaptable group of principles—democracy, egalitarianism, individualism—sprouted in easy abundance and choked off conservatism except in isolated spots, like the pre-civil war south'.

Fate of the Federalists

Nothing so well illustrates the difficulties of conservatism in the New World as the fate of the Federalists in the early days of the Republic. The Federalists were men of the right. They believed in aristocracy as the bastion erected by nature against the tyrannical lusts of the mob; they despised majority rule as the worst kind of tyranny; egalitarianism and the natural rights school were equally rejected; they sanctified property. But in America they cut strangely little ice, for all their warmth of expression. For in a society evolving along the American pattern of the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian eras, where European aristocracies, peasantry and proletariats were missing, where virtually everyone, including the nascent industrial workers, had the mentality of an independent *entrepreneur*, conservatism could not possibly compete with the twin impulses of democracy and capitalism.

Alexander Hamilton based his conservatism on the false premise that his love for capitalism must make him hate democracy; Andrew Jackson made the equally foolish error of supposing that his love of democracy must make him hate capitalism. Neither of them realised that in the peculiar American circumstances democracy was capitalism's best ally and capitalism democracy's most powerful stimulus. The Federalist's fear of the mob was absurd in a country where men who did not own property dreamt of doing so, and would never have dreamt for a moment of destroying the goose that might one day lay their golden egg. All that American democracy has ever asked of American capitalists is that they should not form themselves into a closed corporation, a ruling class or aristocracy, that they should not attempt to conserve the economic pyramid, just because they found themselves temporarily at the top.

But that was precisely what the Federalists wanted to do. It was only when they abandoned their conservative principles, their desire to encourage a class-conscious aristocracy, and granted the people their one condition of an open society, that the country's destiny really got under way. 'All commoners, all capitalists'—this slogan was the death-knell for Federalist hopes but the secret of the American system, which, by denying the conservatives a mob to denounce and the people an aristocracy to envy, sealed a partnership between American democracy and American capitalism which has been the wonder of the world.

But this partnership has worked so well precisely because American business, whatever else it may have done, has by and large honoured its side of the bargain. It has amassed gigantic fortunes, often used its money with vulgar abandon, trampled on the rights of labour, deflowered human dignity, but it has never altogether destroyed the Horatio Alger dream of rags to riches, or so stabilised its supremacy that a shift of the economic wheel could not reduce riches to rags with equal facility. It has sometimes tried to do this, but always had to withdraw in the face of popular resistance.

A Modern Aristocracy?

I place such emphasis on this point because it seems to me that unwittingly the new conservatives are asking American business today to do precisely what it cannot do without upsetting the peculiar balance of the American system. It is all very well, in the name of conservatism, to appeal to enlightened business men to face up to their responsibilities and take the lead in raising the standard of public life and so on. But what does this mean? Surely that American business should form itself into a modern aristocracy. No section of society is ever wholly public-spirited: if American business men are to behave with aristocratic restraint, to accept the onus of paternal responsibilities, they will surely ask for the compensatory aristocratic privileges. And the one overriding aristocratic privilege, on which any virtue in the concept rests, is security of tenure. It is precisely to maintain its position at the top of the social pyramid that an aristocracy concerns itself with the proper maintenance of the base. If American business is expected to interest itself in the base, then surely it will expect some guarantee of its position at the top.

At the moment the American business man has no security, except his own ability to go on making money. His position in society rests on his success in business. He cannot fall back on the social comforts of a baronetcy or of land or of class solidarity. He is therefore forced, by the terms of his contract with American democracy, to go on struggling in the economic jungle. For him to relax into benevolent paternalism would be to make an assumption that would destroy the whole American dream: that the structure of society had been settled, and that those on top, because they were there to stay, owed a debt to those underneath, because they too were there to stay. To take a paternal interest in the poor is to suggest that they cannot look after themselves. But the dynamic of American society depends on the assumption that they can. It seems to me highly doubtful whether American business can ever afford that degree of economic and social restraint which can come only from men with a position in society that does not rest alone on economic success, without so hedging itself behind the barriers of class that the implicit promise to American democracy would have been broken.

Perhaps this promise should be broken. It is arguable that Alger's dream has been becoming steadily less and less realisable as American capitalism has been becoming more and more monopolistic. Perhaps it would indeed be good for America to have a conservative class accepting duties and enjoying privileges. But if this does come about, the workers will sooner or later follow suit. They too will form themselves into a coherent class grouped around a socialist party as they have in Europe. The American partnership between democracy and capitalism would then be broken. That conservatives should risk destroying something that has worked so well is peculiar, to say the least. But then American conservatives are very peculiar: they are in truth the real American radicals.—*Third Programme*

The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television, Vol. X, No. 1, published by the University of California Press (British agents, Cambridge University Press), price 9s. 6d., contains an article by Richard Rowland, assistant professor of English at Rollins College, Florida, entitled 'A Father's Children's Hour', in which he criticises the children's programmes of the B.B.C. It also contains an article on 'Castellani's *Romeo and Juliet*: Intention and Response' by Paul A. Jorgensen and on 'The Art of Jacques Tati' by Andrew C. Mayer.

New Year's Honours

We offer our congratulations to Mr. P. C. H. Hillyard, Head of Variety, who in the New Year's Honours List receives an O.B.E., and to Miss G. M. Harbison, Programme Editor, *Radio Times*, and Mr. K. H. O'dowd Maule-finch, Senior Duty Editor, Foreign Service News Department, each of whom becomes an M.B.E.

Unfinished Battle

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

MY excessively long and fairly industrious life has been devoted to two main enterprises, the teaching of Greek and the building of world peace; a very suitable programme, a cynic might say, to come from the home of lost causes, Oxford. But no: that battle is not finished, so it is certainly not lost. We are now in an age of violence, and violence is destructive to both peace and justice, and to the wide culture that we associate with Greece. But times are always changing, these ages of violence seldom last very long, and they do mostly set up a reaction against themselves, a longing for peace and justice and quiet thought. Then perhaps those who have endured to the end will come into their own.

I do not think my own principles have changed much in these changing years, though I hope I am not quite such an eager and intolerant reformer of everything as I was seventy years ago. I learnt some fundamentals from my father in Australia; a respect for learning, a great hatred of injustice and cruelty, notably cruelty from men to animals and from white men to aborigines. Then, my father was Roman Catholic, and my mother Protestant; and we children were told—remember this was a long time ago—that the priest thought my mother suitable for eternal punishment, and that the Scotch minister thought the same about my father. No wonder we children started off with pretty strong anti-clerical and anti-theological prejudices, which in my case were not broken down till I got to know and love Charles Gore at Oxford. In this state of mind, a great champion of animals and of blacks and of Ireland—for my father was Irish—I came to England and school and Oxford and had the friendship of great teachers like Arthur Sidgwick and great monuments of learning like Robinson Ellis and Margoliouth; I became a scholar, devoted to learning, and particularly to drama and poetry, both Greek and English. I knew by heart Aeschylus' 'Prometheus Bound' and nearly all of Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound', which indeed was almost a gospel to me at that time.

The next great influence on my youth befell me in my last year at college, when I was on a picnic with the Arthur Sidgwicks, and talking, I remember, to a little girl, who was trying with her small paintbox to paint the river a proper blue, when suddenly an impressive lady whom I did not know said to me in a severe voice 'Mr. Murray, are you a teetotaler?' 'I am afraid I am', said I. She followed with questions on Home Rule and Woman Suffrage, to both of which I pleaded guilty. The lady proved to be the famous temperance enthusiast and radical, Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle, and the incident led to several summer holidays at Castle Howard. It was a striking experience: a great house, many guests; lots of cricket and tennis; and unceasing political discussion, much of it first-hand and practical and exciting, though perhaps still touched by the old Whig tradition which held that all Tories were born bad but rapidly became worse as they grew up. However, there was also an atmosphere of art and culture and knowledge of foreign literatures which was new to me and greatly impressive. Castle Howard taught me much, and besides gave me a wife who seemed the answer

to all my ideals, and who, through good and evil days of a long life, has never once failed in courage, never once missed an opportunity of doing a kindness.

I was already Professor of Greek in Glasgow. A Scottish university is a splendid place for teaching. I loved my work and my pupils, and wrote a history of Greek literature long before I had enough knowledge. I worked too hard, I suppose, for ten years, because I tried to add to my professorial lectures something of the personal coaching of an Oxford

tutor, till in 1899 bad health compelled me to retire. Then I had six free years in the country, doing mostly translations, going on with a critical text of Euripides, and trying to keep up with the great discoveries in ancient history.

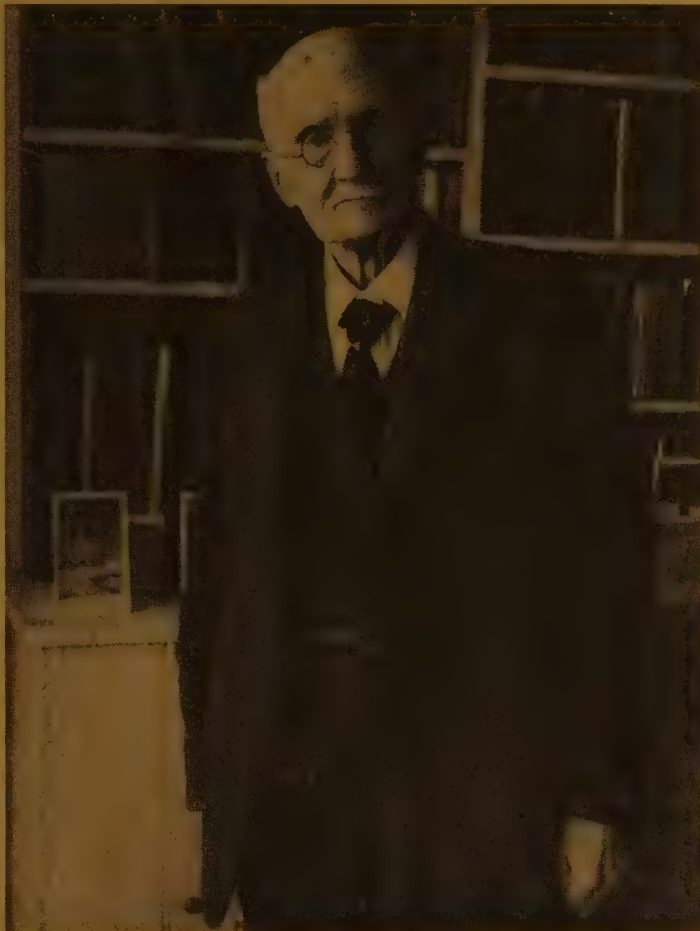
I had written two plays at this time, one about peace and one a study of the mind of a tyrant, subjects which became topical some twenty years later. The plays were of no importance except that they led to two life-long friendships: one with William Archer, the critic, truest of comrades to me; the other to a certain young and unconventional and at that time quite unsuccessful playwright called Bernard Shaw. My own dramatic instincts found eventually more satisfaction in an attempt, perhaps too audacious, to bring out in English verse the full meaning and poetry of the Greek dramatists, especially the much misunderstood Euripides. The attempt was new, and the translations had at the time an almost startling success. Archer had persuaded a certain amateur society to put on the 'Hippolytus' for four afternoons at the Lyric. The first day there were about fifty people in the house. The second day perhaps a hundred. On the third the house was full. On the fourth I found a crowd stretching down Shaftesbury Avenue and thought I must have come to the wrong theatre.

The interest in the 'Hippolytus' was one element in the starting of Gran-

ville Barker's enterprise at the Court Theatre, where for some years Euripides, Shaw, the young Galsworthy, and Barker himself appealed to a public rather too highbrow and sensitive to fill a large theatre.

After this break I was called back to Oxford, first as a tutor at New College and then as Professor. My days were filled with Greek studies, both teaching and learning, but the old Castle Howard influence had kept me keenly interested in politics. In especial, I had followed John Morley in passionate opposition to the Boer War, which was the beginning really of my friendship with Smuts. Then suddenly, in August 1914, came the almost incredible shock, war with Germany, a thing which, to me as to many others, meant a call that altered our whole lives. I became absorbed in the work for the formation of the League of Nations.

When the official League was formed, Lord Cecil and I were chosen by Smuts to be members of the South African delegation at the Assembly, and here another great friendship enriched my life. I learnt as much from Lord Cecil's lifelong experience of politics as I drew inspiration from his single-minded devotion and courage. Indeed it was here, as the years went on, that I grew out of party spirit in politics.



Dr. Gilbert Murray, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on January 2: a photograph taken at his home last month.

Allan Chappelov

Cecil was Conservative; his secretary, Noel-Baker, became a socialist Minister; I am a life-long Liberal; but we were close allies and I do not suppose that ever in the last thirty-five years we have had any serious difference on the ever-changing problem of world peace.

I was also appointed, on Lord Balfour's proposal, to be the British member of one special League of Nations committee, the Committee for Intellectual Co-operation, and was later for some eight years its unworthy president. It was based on an idea of the philosopher Bergson. He wished the League to have, besides all the immediate work of its politicians and economists and business men, one committee of thinkers, men of learning and intellectual influence in various countries, who might, in Bergson's ambitious phrase, 'represent the deeper spirit of the League'. The committee had almost no funds, the Anglo-Saxons never much believed in it, but the French Government gave it an Institute in Paris; and it did good work organising or facilitating international conferences and discussions of scientists, historians, writers, journalists, broadcasters, or the like. I certainly learnt much from such colleagues as Bergson, Einstein, Lorenz, Mme. Curie, and others; and I think it is true that, at a time when the world was torn by all sorts of nationalist passions, our committee did seem always to preserve a true League of Nations spirit. I always remember our last meeting, when war was closing in upon us in 1939, and all the frail edifice of peace that the League had built up was being swept away by the flood, how we pledged ourselves at least to keep peace in our own hearts and be waiting ready, as soon as the war ceased, to rebuild the ruins. I remember the emotion with which the great French statesman Herriot responded to that appeal. Sure enough, when peace did return, the rebuilding was swift; the United Nations to replace the League, and Unesco, with ten times our funds and an immense educational programme, to take up on a larger scale the work of our committee.

Of course, I cannot work as I did. Still, there has never been a day,

I suppose, when I have failed to give thought both to the work for peace and for Hellenism. The one is a matter of life and death for all of us; the other of maintaining amid all the dust of modern industrial life our love and appreciation for the eternal values.

I spoke at the beginning of this talk about Lost Causes. The great battle is not ended; the enemy forces are much stronger than in 1914 or 1939; the second world war has plunged mankind deeper into barbarism than the first. The world is full of scattered violence and terrorism. And behind it all is the dumb threat of another war too great for civilisation to endure and live. Yet, on the other side, for the making of world peace there are great gains to record. There is all the great non-political work of the United Nations, bringing relief to suffering human beings all over the world, help to refugees, help to children, help to the under-fed, to the sick or plague-stricken, to the nations that are held down by low standards and lack of knowledge. And observe, this work of love and skill and real charity, in former times attempted only by private benevolent societies, like the Red Cross or the Friends' Service Council, is now accepted as a normal official duty by all the governments of the civilised world. That is a new thing in history.

And are the private benevolent societies giving up? No; all are increasing in numbers and strength. What do we need to save civilisation? Sir Winston long ago told us the main truth; it was 'only one thing, one simple thing; that some hundreds of millions of men and women should set themselves to do good instead of evil and reap therefrom blessings instead of curses'. If that is really all we need we are saved. For we have it, or almost have it, already. But, alas, in itself it is not enough. There is too much explosive lying about; too much smouldering fire; too much deliberate plotting of evil. Our cause is not lost. Our standards are not lowered, but almost all that we love is in danger and must be saved.—*Home Service*

Poets in Paradise

Recollections of W. B. Yeats and Ezra Pound in Rapallo by DESMOND CHUTE

THE gods in due time, before the first world war, lent me a little tobacco shop in London where we used to go and telephone, and where I chanced once to set eyes on two memorable figures, Parnassian presences for an adolescent frequenter of the nearby Slade to catch sight of in a Bloomsbury lake isle; one an established bard, the other an experimenter in imagism and vorticism: William Butler Yeats and Ezra Pound.

A couple of decades, however, were to ensue since that casual encounter before I first met either of them. By then the time had changed to the nineteen-twenties, and the place to the Italian Riviera. Ezra and Dorothy Pound were living on the top floor of a cliff-like building facing the sea, in a narrow pergola of a flat, giving on to a vast roof terrace and chiefly remarkable for its wealth of works by Gaudier-Brzeska. It was their custom to take their meals at the Albergo Rapallo below, and there to meet and entertain their friends. And there it was that Pound introduced me to Yeats with, 'Come and tell William what he ought to believe'.

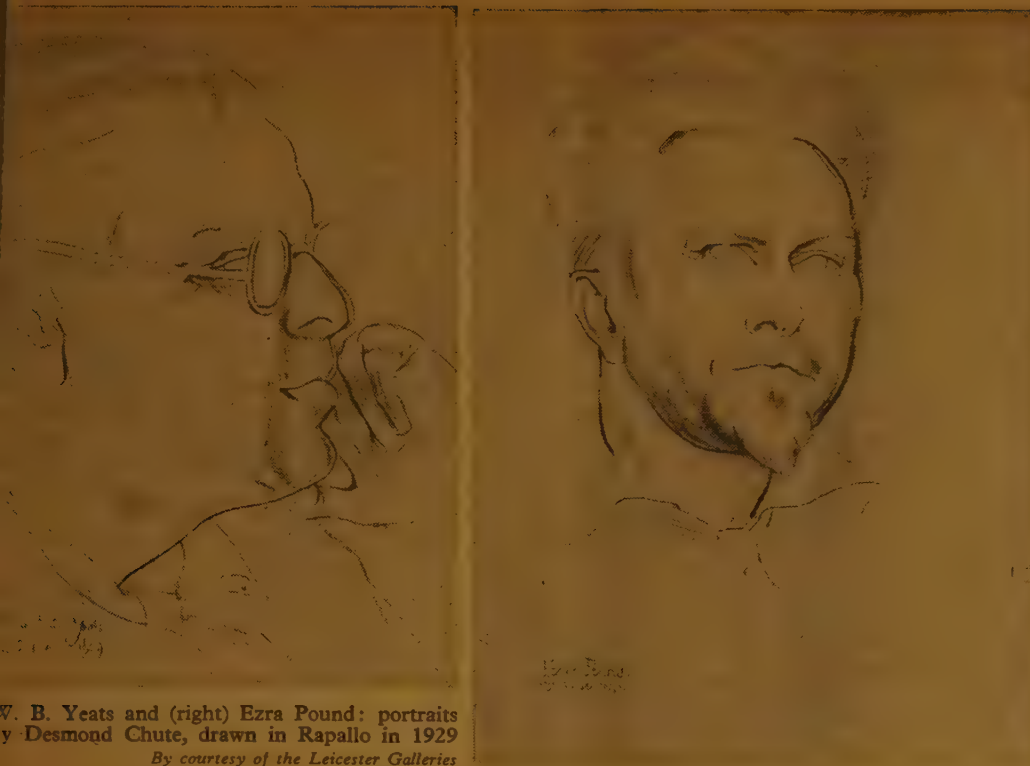
The first subject I heard Yeats discuss was English *versus* French poetry, he conducting a brilliant defence of the virility of Racine's style. No one ever spoke oftener, longer, or more enthrallingly than he about the art and craftsmanship of poetry. The very voluminosity of his conversation makes it hard to quote. Likewise, his whole figure was so memorable that it is not easy to pick out individual aspects without their seeming trivial in comparison with his stature. For instance, his sense of humour: how amused he was over the difficulty of finding plain furniture in Liguria, and how he finally enjoyed getting what he wanted by ordering it 'as ugly as possible, *proprio brutto*'.

Two memories are particularly vivid. One is of drawing his portrait in a meditative attitude I had admired him in the day before. As I enter, the harmonious voice is speaking; the pose is graciously resumed, and effortlessly kept. The monologue continues. No one ever needed any interlocutor less. The only phrase I remember was: 'Now who was it drew me last? Manicini, or was it John?' No answer is expected; and as I leave, the harmonious voice is still speaking. An ideal sitter. The other occasion is a glimpse from above of a figure in a dressing

gown, sitting motionless in the winter sunshine. Only a hand moves, writes, from time to time, with a gold fountain-pen in a leather-bound book. Are we present at the generation of an immortal? Is it so he wrought the miracle of 'The Fiddler of Dooney' or wedded words of disenchanted wisdom to the enchantment of such a tune as 'The Maids of Mourne Shore'?—songs, it is impossible to believe, there ever was a time when they were not.

It was after being awarded the Nobel Prize that Yeats came to Rapallo, whither the Pounds had preceded him in 1924, a year later than I, and soon to be followed by Ezra's parents. Homer L. Pound, though devoid of Italian, was declared '*simpatico*' by the denizens of Rapallo, who seldom failed to describe him, in a phrase lifted from dialect, as '*una pasta d'uomo*', a sweetmeat of a man. If Ezra owed to his father that disarming simplicity, so inextricably interwoven with his own sophistication, from his mother he derived more arresting characteristics, such as a fine carriage, a springy walk, a Sibylline poise of the head, an occasional wilfulness in not admitting, or even seeing, the other side. A long and tedious year in the local hospital failed to break Isabel Weston Pound's octogenarian determination never to let conversation drop below a cultural level. Of course she and 'Son', as they invariably called him, held differing conceptions of culture; she would insist on reciting his juvenilia, though two years had elapsed since T. S. Eliot had hailed him as *il miglior fabbro*, and the Cantos were already in spate. Nevertheless, any attempt to put in a word for the greater importance of Ezra's maturer work would be quenched by a glance, while the early verses swept on to their ninetyish close. Meanwhile, these pregnant years were to enrich the major work with one of its main themes, and that probably the most accessible. Many besides myself must have entered the labyrinth by the door Yeats first showed me, through the loan of his superb copy, open at the Canto XVII, the Earthly Paradise.

Looking back now, I remember I never really saw Ezra against any background other than the Riviera di Levante, that enchanted strip of Mediterranean coast which stands for ever about to plunge into the Tyrrhenian Sea. Those times can but have been happy, spent here in



W. B. Yeats and (right) Ezra Pound: portraits by Desmond Chute, drawn in Rapallo in 1929
By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries

hammering out his epic or travelling round to gather and check materials for it. Who was it said once, when Ezra Pound was mentioned among the poets, 'Oh, I meant serious poets'?—as though Ezra were not always in the most deadly earnest. The happiest years then, these, for his muse, though not the greatest; for these she must await the wine-press of the Pisan experience. The paradisaical years belonged instead to that critical time in the life of adult western man, when, sensuous experience confirming imagination, he meets the Middle Sea, and 'poor old Homer blind, blind as a bat . . . ear, ear for the sea surge'. Here it was that Ezra found 'the click of light in the olives . . . the flying azure of the winged fish under Zoagli': attuned our ear to 'night sea churning shingle': lured our gaze on to 'the great cliffs of amber'. Had he not achieved the freedom he sought, freedom to be a poet? It is not without significance that at Rapallo he was universally and spontaneously called '*il poeta*'. People still stop me in the street to ask for news of '*il signor poeta*'. He saw himself, and was, a man of letters. What mattered his looking the part so long as he lived it? On the Riviera of the 'twenties and 'thirties, besides writing poetry, he could work out, untrammelled, that vital and cultural synthesis which gave it worth. Here he could, with brusque delicacy, befriend promise. Thus he provided the sculptor Henges with stone and the chance to carve it; musicians with the possibility to be heard; poets to write; talent to think. And how sensitive he was under his brusquerie. I remember in the bad old days his distress over local orphans lacking milk for break-

fast; his outraged helplessness at the sight of trapped and mutilated cats.

Such protective interests easily led to a kindred discipline, the anatomy of culture. One element therein sticks at random in my mind, Frobenius, to whom Pound bore such a striking somatic likeness. His chief passion after poetry was for music. Fanned by his disinterested and unflagging enthusiasm, rare and unforgettable little concerts sprang up, according to the frequency and incidence of musicians. One remembers blocks of music. 'Block', in this context, was a great word with Ezra at rehearsals. He not only insisted on blocks of light and shade in the execution of old music, he also always demanded integrated and consecutive programmes. The season started as weeks begun under the sign of Mozart, all of whose violin sonatas were played at least once by Olga Rudge and Gerhardt Münch. One wonders when the whole series had last, if ever, been heard in its entirety. In the 'thirties Pound developed an intense interest in the vast, unpublished output of Antonio Vivaldi, much of which, largely thanks to Olga Rudge's research work and to microfilm technique, has since become accessible to the public. Some Vivaldi given at Rapallo was being played for the first time. The Bartók played here by the Hungarian

Quartet, though published, was still extremely *avant-garde*. Ezra preferred to depend, whenever possible, on local talent, and yet he was far from excluding good or excellent professionals, on condition that the programme was not made up to show off the performers but based on intrinsic musical worth. Nor was any discrimination ever made on grounds of race or nationality. Besides the artists already mentioned we heard Tibor Serly play Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante, as well as compositions of his own: Renato Borgatti in Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Debussy: Chiara Fino-Savio singing Arie Antiche, and Lonny Mayer singing Hindemith. Luigino Franchetti and Giorgio Levi were due to come when the second world war cut short so many things more important, but how few rarer than concerts memorable for music.

Next among his interests, I think, came tennis. And last, but not least, economics, that was to throw so long and dark a shadow over the next period. Asked once why he was so patient of the regime—to the Party he never belonged—he replied, 'as a platform for monetary reform'. He was convinced of having converted the Duce to the theories of Douglas and Gesell, much as he thought to convert Eric Gill when here, already a convinced and militant believer, with what Eric wryly called 'his daily lesson in social credit'. But is it not tragic that this shadow should overhang Ezra Pound's life, even to his seventieth birthday? Longer, that is, than the term served by others less ingenuous who, unlike him, stood trial for treason and were convicted. 'πολλὰ παθεῖν . . . nothing matters but the quality of the affections'.—*Third Programme*

The Bad Lands

No rule nor ruler; only water and clay,
And the purblind peasant squatting, elbows out
To nudge his neighbour from his inch of ground
Clutched fast through flood and drought, but never loved.
Avarice without meaning. Here you see
The soil on its perpetual death-bed; miles
Of medicant flowers prospering on its bier,
And weeds as old as time, their roots entwined,
Murderer choking murderer in the dark,
Though here they rule and flourish. Heaven and earth
Give only of their worst, breeding what's bad.
Even the dust-cart meteors in their flight
Stop here to void their refuse, leaving these
Memorials of misbegotten things,

Blind embryos that could never wish to be.
Both soil and air breed crookedly here, and men
Are dumb and twisted as the envious scrub
That spreads in silent malice over the fields.
The bad lands: did they breed this tribe, or has
The tribe infected them with enmity
Deeper than lust or greed that works by stealth,
Yet in the sun is helpless as the blind-worm,
Making bad worse? The mud has sucked half in
People and cattle until they eat and breathe
Nothing but mud. Poor tribe so meanly abandoned,
Their cradle an image of the muddy grave.
What rule or governance can save them now?

EDWIN MUIR

The Discovery of the Anti-Proton

By O. R. FRISCH

AT the present time some of the world's most eminent physicists are engaged in the study of fundamental particles, particles so small that they cannot be broken down any further. According to what we know today, ordinary matter is made of three kinds of fundamental particles: the electron, the proton, and the neutron. But various other particles appear as transient visitors; among them is the positive electron or positron, similar to the electron in every way except for the opposite sign of its charge, and the various mesons that have been discovered in the cosmic radiation.

Matter Created out of Energy

Let me say something first about the positron. It was discovered in 1932 in the cosmic radiation, but it was soon found to be easy to make in the laboratory. It was found that so-called electron pairs, each consisting of a positive and a negative electron, can be created so to speak out of nothing, if the necessary energy is available. That was the first example of matter being created out of energy.

Energy, in that type of experiment, is usually measured in MeV (million electron volts) and Einstein's equation $E = mc^2$ allows us to calculate that about 1 MeV is needed to create an electron pair. And indeed gamma rays with less than 1 MeV are found to make no pairs whatever; on the other hand, with gamma rays of higher energy, the excess is simply used to make the freshly created electron and positron fly off at greater speed.

When positive electrons were discovered it was at once suggested that the proton should also have its counterpart, which would be a negative proton or antiproton. However, to produce a proton pair—a proton and an antiproton—would require gamma rays of some 2,000 MeV energy because the proton is nearly 2,000 times heavier than the electron. No such gamma rays were then available, except in the cosmic radiation, and hence it was thought that negative protons might be found there. However, no negative protons were observed, apart from a false alarm around 1935 and apart from a few recent observations where the evidence was not conclusive. All sorts of other particles turned up, and many experimenters began to doubt whether negative protons did exist.

Against this the theoreticians pointed out that the positron had been a necessary consequence of Dirac's theory of the electron, and that the proton, though much heavier, was not all that different. Admittedly the proton did not conform with Dirac's theory in all respects. But as the theory developed over the years it became more and more clear that the existence of anti-protons followed from certain very general assumptions about the nature of things and was by no means dependent on the Dirac equation. It became clear that the anti-proton must exist unless there was something seriously wrong with our basic assumptions.

However, to look for anti-protons in the cosmic radiation was like the search for the proverbial needle in the haystack. In the first place, cosmic radiation contains a great many particles that have not enough energy and which are just so much hay, from our point of view. Secondly, the negative proton is not so easy to recognise. Unless it is close to the end of its path, its track in a cloud chamber or in a photographic emulsion will look just like that of a meson. There are several kinds of meson, which are, by definition, all lighter than protons, and there are also some so-called hyperons which are somewhat heavier. So we may well have had hundreds of anti-protons on our photographs without being able to tell.

Giant Accelerators

You begin to see the reason why so much money and effort have gone into the construction of giant accelerators, chiefly in the United States. The particles that are being studied with the help of those machines have nearly always been found beforehand in the cosmic radiation; but the machine allows us to obtain them in much greater numbers and under controlled conditions, and so to study their properties much more accurately. When the pi-mesons, about seven times

lighter than the proton, was discovered in the cosmic radiation in 1947 a type of accelerator, the synchrocyclotron, was being developed which soon made it possible to produce pi-mesons in enormous numbers. Within a year or so their chief properties were measured with an accuracy that would have been inconceivable if cosmic rays had been their only source. But in the meantime the study of cosmic rays revealed the existence of heavier mesons in even smaller numbers, and we had to wait for a much larger accelerator—the Cosmotron, at Brookhaven, not far from New York—to give us energies of 3,000 MeV, sufficient to make those so-called K-mesons artificially. Even that energy is not enough to produce anti-protons. It is true that only 2,000 MeV are actually required, but it can be shown that about two thirds of that energy is bound to be wasted, so that we have to start with about 6,000 MeV. Such energies became available only when the Bevatron came into operation last year, the giant accelerator of the University of California, at Berkeley.

What the Bevatron Does

What the Bevatron does is to take ordinary protons and speed them up until they have a kinetic energy—an energy of motion—of 6,000 MeV. They are then made to strike a 'target', for instance a block of copper (the actual material makes very little difference), which causes a spray of particles to issue from the target. Some are just protons, electrons, and neutrons, flying debris of atoms that have been hit. Then there are various mesons and hyperons, created from the energy of the protons much as electron pairs can be created at much lower energy. And in the midst of that shower we must try to find and identify anti-protons, if there are any.

Some preliminary sorting can be done by using the fact that electrically charged particles are deflected from their straight path when they pass between the poles of a magnet. How much they are deflected depends on their speed and on their weight. After the particles have gone through the magnet they have to go through a narrow tunnel in a twelve-foot concrete wall which is there to stop all unwanted particles. The particles that come through this maze (actually I have somewhat simplified the description) will all be negative (or else a positive, depending on the arrangement), and furthermore all particles of one kind will have the same speed.

The simplest way of studying the particles in such a presorted beam is to let them fall on a block of photographic emulsion. When the emulsion has been processed, the tracks of any particles that have passed through it can be seen inside the emulsion under a microscope and their weight can be calculated from how far they have travelled in the emulsion before coming to rest.

A search of that kind revealed hundreds of thousands of pi-mesons and thousands of K-mesons and hyperons, but no anti-protons. A more extensive search would have been extremely laborious and lengthy; human observers are simply too slow. What was needed was an automatic arrangement capable of picking out negative protons without recording the vastly greater number of mesons and hyperons. Such an apparatus was constructed by Professor Emilio Segré with his collaborators of many years standing, Dr. Owen Chamberlain and Dr. Clyde Wiegand. It was a most brilliant piece of planning, without which the discovery of the anti-proton could not have been made.

The first step was to calculate in which direction and at what speed the negative protons were most likely to emerge from the copper target and to construct a tunnel through the concrete wall which would allow negative (but not ordinary positive) protons of that speed to get through. Next, in order to distinguish them from the inevitable mesons, each particle had to have its speed checked. The method is basically the same as in a police trap: two policemen with stop-watches placed some distance apart along the road. Here, each 'policeman' is a scintillation counter, that is a sensitive photocell which picks up the brief light flashes that are caused whenever one of our particles passes through a place of a suitable transparent chemical. Two such scintillation counters, intercepting the path of the particles at points about forty feet

apart, are connected to a complex electronic arrangement which records the time interval to better than a thousand-millionth of a second. That accuracy is needed to distinguish clearly between the mesons which go almost at the speed of light and the anti-protons which must go about twenty per cent. slower to make their way through the tunnel in the concrete wall.

The job of this atomic police-trap was to spot the occasional driver (perhaps 1 in 100,000) who goes a little slower than the rest of the traffic; but in order to make doubly sure the experimenters decided to have a further speed test. That test was based on the so-called Cerenkov effect, discovered by the Russian physicist Cerenkov in 1934. It occurs whenever a fast, electrically charged particle travels through any transparent medium such as glass or water. In such a medium the speed of light is less than in empty space, and if the particle moves fast enough it can overtake its own light waves. The result is something like the bow-wave of a ship: light is emitted at a certain angle to the direction of motion of the particle, that angle being determined by the relative speed of the particle and of the light inside the medium.

This so-called Cerenkov light is much weaker than what you get from the special chemicals used in scintillation counters. But its great merit is that its direction depends on the speed of the particles. So by recording only light that comes out at a definite angle it is possible to record only particles with a definite speed, and that is what the Berkeley experimenters did. The result was most gratifying: whenever the first speed-trap recorded the passage of a particle of the correct speed, the Cerenkov counter did the same. Any one test might occasionally go wrong because of some extraneous disturbance; but it is unbelievable that two so different tests should always go wrong at the same time. In view of this double check, the existence of anti-protons can now be considered as certain.

This is only the beginning. Now, the properties of the anti-proton must be studied and in particular what happens if an anti-proton encounters an ordinary proton. When a positron meets an electron the two particles annihilate each other; that is, they both disappear, and in their place we get a flash of radiation, consisting of two or three gamma-ray quanta. This positron-electron annihilation has been thoroughly investigated and agrees in every way with Dirac's theory. For anti-protons we must also expect annihilation, but of a more complicated kind. A proton, like an electron, is a source of electromagnetic forces, because it has an electric charge; but in addition it is a source of nuclear forces, by which protons and neutrons are held together in nuclei, and close to the proton the nuclear force is much the more powerful.

The positron and electron, being sources of electromagnetic forces only, annihilate each other with the emission of electromagnetic quanta, that is, gamma-ray quanta. Protons and anti-protons might do the same, but they are more likely to annihilate each other with the emission of pi-mesons, which in many ways behave like quanta of the nuclear field.

Indeed when ordinary protons collide violently, pi-mesons are much more often produced than gamma-ray quanta, and if the collision is violent enough we occasionally find a K-meson being created. So, from the mutual annihilation of a proton and an anti-proton, we should expect mainly pi-mesons, some K-mesons, and occasionally a gamma quantum. The mathematical theory of protons is not sufficiently developed to say more, and observations of the annihilation process are eagerly awaited. It may take a long time to collect sufficient data; the world supply of anti-protons is at present only one per hour! But now we know they are there the search for them in photographic emulsion has been resumed with fresh confidence; and every single annihilation observed in an emulsion shows the tracks of all the charged particles resulting from it and gives much detailed information. Even so, progress is sure to be slow, and the main advance may well come from the Soviet Union, where an accelerator for about 10,000 MeV is under construction and should be completed soon.

But the mere existence of the anti-proton is a result of the greatest importance. So much in present theoretical physics is based on the idea of charge symmetry—the idea that positive and negative charges are not fundamentally different—that the complete absence of negative protons would have been difficult to account for. It would have meant throwing away years of laborious mathematical work if charge symmetry had had to be given up. The release from that worry will lead to more rapid progress along what we now feel confidently is the right road.

Let me close on a more speculative note. Could it be that in some other parts of the universe the roles of positive and negative electricity are interchanged? They would then contain 'anti-matter', made from anti-protons and positrons instead of protons and electrons. That suggestion has been made before and will no doubt be renewed now that negative protons are known to exist. Inside our own galaxy there is enough interchange of material so that annihilation would be very conspicuous if anti-matter were present. But could not other galaxies be made from anti-matter? From there we receive only light, which is neutral; and the spectral lines from matter and anti-matter must be completely identical. So the question cannot be decided by spectroscopy which has otherwise taught us so much about the composition of stars and nebulae.

Recently several cases have been found of two galaxies in collision, or, more accurately, interpenetration. They send out a good deal of energy in the form of radio waves and unusual spectral lines (that is how they were spotted) but not nearly as much as if wholesale annihilation was going on. Two colliding galaxies made of the opposite kind of matter would be conspicuous, but none has so far been found. Finally, it must be said that no cosmological model has yet been proposed which would allow the existence of large islands of anti-matter. It is therefore likely that the universe is made from our kind of matter everywhere, and that the anti-proton is only a rare visitor, born from violence and quickly returning to nothingness.—*Third Programme*

Poor Relation

I used to buy her new sometimes,
But oftener she wore
My last year's coats and suits that she
Had praised the spring before.

I seldom bought my clothes but that
I thought upon her needs,
And chose safe styles and sober stuffs,
Trim serges and stout tweeds.

I never pulled my collars close
Lest I should rub the fur;
There was no stain nor darn upon
The gowns I gave to her.

What shall be said of me? Of her,
She wore them cheerfully.
But she has found inheritance,
She needs no more of me.

Now I can buy for one alone;
Can pin my collars bare;
Can choose myself the crimson dress
That she could never wear;

Can read a fashion book, can bead
My sleeves with flower and star.
She will not turn to envy me,
Whose state is finer far.

Who has put off my outworn clothes,
Whose dearth is shed and gone;
Who takes no thought, and yet is clad,
Out-shining Solomon,

In shimmering green all summer long,
And when the shrill winds blow,
Wears, cloaked and rich from head to heel,
The ermine of the snow.

ADA JACKSON

—Broadcast in the Midland Home Service

NEWS DIARY

December 28-January 3

Wednesday, December 28

The Comet III flies from Montreal to London in six hours, eighteen minutes

Chief Minister of Malaya tells Malayan Communist leader, Chin Peng, that the Communist Party cannot be recognised

President Tito of Yugoslavia arrives in Cairo on ten-day state visit to Egypt

Thursday, December 29

Engineering workers' unions claim fifteen per cent. wage increase

Talks between Chief Ministers of Malaya and Communist leaders end without agreement

Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev again attack 'colonialism' in speeches to Supreme Soviet

Friday, December 30

Amnesty offer to Communists in Malaya to be withdrawn on February 8

Britain to increase economic help to Jordan next year

Reply published in Washington to Mr. Khrushchev's criticism of President Eisenhower's Christmas message to peoples of eastern Europe

Saturday, December 31

Dr. Cyril Garbett, Archbishop of York, dies at the age of eighty

Foreign Office announces that no licences are now being granted for export from Britain of surplus war material

King Hussein of Jordan accepts gift of six Vampire jet fighters from Britain

Sunday, January 1

The Governor of Cyprus, in a New Year broadcast, warns terrorists that 'the net is slowly but surely closing around them'

Independence of the Sudan is proclaimed in Khartoum

More than fifty Moroccan rebels killed by French forces in Riff mountains

Monday, January 2

General election takes place in France

Mr. Gaitskell sees Prime Minister to discuss export of arms to Middle East

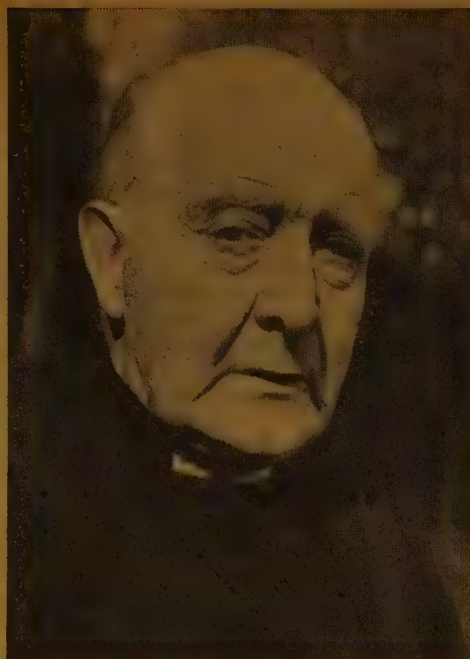
First volunteers for new west German army report for duty

Tuesday, January 3

Final results of French elections show that the Communists are the biggest single party and that the Poujadists have won fifty seats in the National Assembly

Cabinet meets and discusses export of arms to Middle East. White Paper to be published

A widespread search for terrorists is carried out in north-east Cyprus

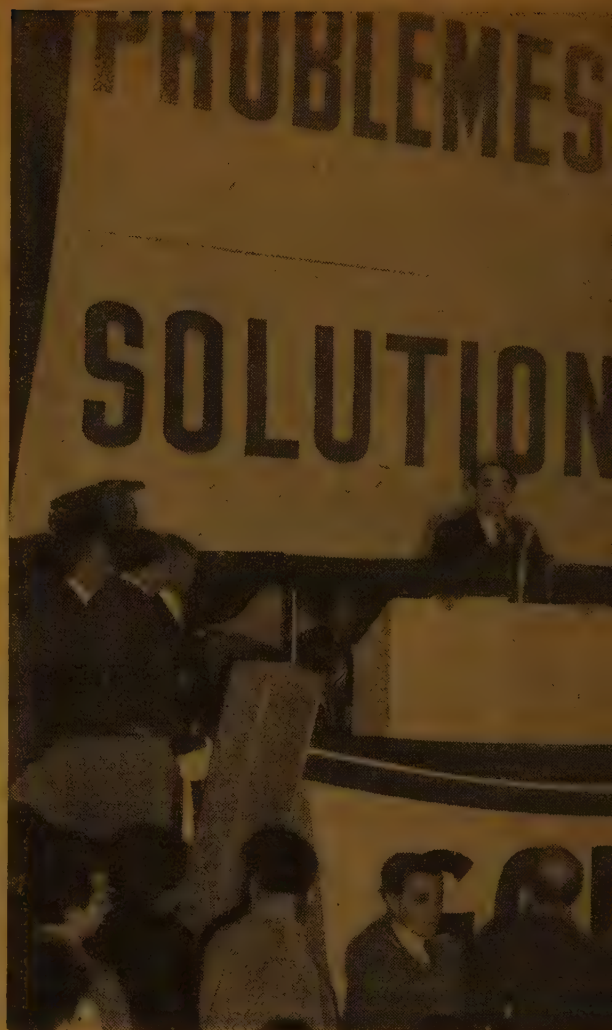


Dr. Cyril Forster Garbett, Archbishop of York, who died on December 31 aged eighty. Dr. Garbett began his career as assistant curate in Portsea where he worked for nearly twenty years. In 1919 he became bishop of the new diocese of Southwark and in 1932 was translated to Winchester. Ten years later Dr. Garbett succeeded Dr. William Temple at York. He was the first chairman of the Central Religious Advisory Committee of the B.B.C. In a broadcast tribute on December 31, Dr. Leslie Hunter, Bishop of Sheffield, said 'The Archbishop will be remembered as a wise leader, discerning in the choice of men and colleagues, cautious in judgement and action for all his directness and clarity of speech; a simple and single-minded man both towards God and his fellow men'



Chin Peng (right), the leader of the Malayan Communists, photographed with one of his lieutenants, Abdul Rashid bin Maiden, when he met the Chief Ministers of Malaya and Singapore at Baling last week. The talks ended without agreement

Right: Professor H. W. Melville giving the first of a series of Christmas holiday lectures on 'Big Molecules' to schoolchildren at the Royal Institution, London, on December 27



M. Pierre Mendès-France, leader of the 'Rassemblement Français', addressing a meeting in Paris last week. The meeting was held in response to Mendès-France's invitation to his opponents, M. Jacques Duclos, leader of the Communists, to elect a new government. The election took place on January 2. The Poujadists, won a narrow victory.





The Comet III jet airliner arriving at London Airport on December 28 after completing a world tour. The Comet, which was piloted by Group Captain John Cunningham, made the non-stop crossing of the Atlantic from Montreal to London (about 3,350 miles) in 6 hours, 18 minutes (an average speed of 548 miles an hour). The sculpture on the right of the photograph is a memorial to Alcock and Brown who made the first Atlantic crossing in 1919



The yard of the Tabard Inn, High Street, Southwark, 1814: one of many prints of London in the nineteenth century included in an exhibition at Guildhall of works from their permanent collection



Sir Reginald Verdon-Smith, head of the Bristol Aircraft Company (right) handing over the first of two Bristol Britannia airliners to Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of B.O.A.C., at London Airport on December 30. They are the first of a fleet of fifteen Britannia 100s which B.O.A.C. has ordered for Commonwealth routes



Left: a model on view at the National Boat Show, Olympia, of a replica of the Mayflower which is now being built and which is to sail to the United States on a commemorative voyage on July 4

Law in Action

Company Directors and Take-over Bids

By L. C. B. GOWER

RECENTLY we have heard a good deal about take-over bids—attempts to wrest control of a company from the existing management. There has been a growing number of these fights, and one of them, for *Savoy Hotel Ltd.* in 1953 and 1954, aroused great public interest and concern. In America they have been even more frequent and, as one would expect, infinitely more spectacular. I will describe some of them later. But let me emphasise that I am not going to discuss the economic and social advantages and disadvantages of take-over bids: others have done that*. My concern is with the legal problems to which they give rise.

Management Divorced from Ownership

First, a word about the legal background. One of the conspicuous features of the modern public company is that its management and control are divorced from its ownership. The shareholders are the owners, but the company is not managed by them, but by the board of directors and by managing directors and other executives appointed by the board. While these directors remain in office they operate the company and anyone wishing to get control of it has to get control of the board.

The legal position of directors is rather curious. They are fiduciary agents of the company and must exercise their powers on its behalf and not for their personal ends. But in the eyes of the law, the company is an entity distinct from its members. Directors are not trustees, agents, or servants of the shareholders, either individually or collectively. Hence they are not bound to obey the instructions of the shareholders. On the other hand, directors are appointed and dismissed by simple majority vote at a general meeting of shareholders, and to this extent the owners still retain the whip hand. The only restraints on shareholders' power to dismiss are, first, that the directors must be given adequate notice and an opportunity to state their case; and, secondly, that they will be entitled to damages if their dismissal involves a breach of any service agreements they may have with the company. This latter restraint is of some importance, for many directors now have long-term service agreements and, in practice, these will have been negotiated with their fellow-directors without the shareholders having had any say in the matter. I want here to discuss whether this legal view of the directors' position affords adequate protection to the shareholders when there is a take-over bid.

Various methods can be employed by a bidder and I will take each of them in turn. One is to make a general offer to the members to buy their shares at a particular price, the offer probably being conditional on acceptance by a certain percentage of shareholders. In practice, this method is likely to succeed only if the existing board of directors can be persuaded to recommend to their shareholders acceptance of the offer. As a condition for doing this, the existing directors may seek to obtain a promise of some additional payment, for example as compensation for loss of their offices. This, however, is expressly prohibited by the Companies Act unless the payment is disclosed to the shareholders and approved at a meeting of them. Unless this approval is given, the directors will hold any payment on trust for the other shareholders. In this case, therefore, the Act has (very properly) recognised an exception to the general principle that directors are not trustees for individual shareholders.

Apart altogether from this statutory rule the directors may be expressly appointed agents by the shareholders for the purpose of negotiating terms with the bidder. If this is so they will be under all the normal obligations of good faith to the shareholders which an agent owes to his principal. On the other hand, it may have unforeseen consequences to the shareholders who may find themselves personally liable for any fraud committed by the directors in the course of the negotiations. This occurred in *Briess v. Woolley* which went to the House of Lords last year. At a meeting of shareholders the managing director was authorised to negotiate with another concern for the sale of the shares. This he did without disclosing that the company's accounts were based on dishonest trading; the managing director had maintained

output of the company's product (synthetic cream) by diluting it with water! The innocent shareholders had to pay damages to the purchasers for the fraud of their agent, the managing director.

But unless the directors are actually appointed agents of the shareholders they seem to be under no legal duty to disclose to them any offer, however favourable. Nor, it seems, are they under any liability to the shareholders if they buy up shares at the market price before disclosing the offer. It is arguable that they could be made to account to the company for any profit they made on the subsequent sale, but once the sale has gone through only the bidder would gain much by this. He clearly has no moral claim and he is unlikely to cause the company to sue. In the United States—and I shall make a number of comparisons with the position there—the law goes much further and the directors may have to account both to the seller and to the company on whose behalf action can be brought by any shareholder.

If this first method is not feasible the bidder can try to obtain sufficient shares to give him effective control, either by purchase on the stock exchange or by private deals with individual shareholders. In the case of a public company, whose shares are widely held, it may not be necessary to buy an absolute majority. In practice, the existing directors can normally keep themselves firmly in the saddle if they own a larger block than any other shareholder. Hence the bidder may be able to assume control by doing a deal with the existing board. He can buy their shares, and get them to resign their offices and vote him and his nominees on to the board instead.

If this method is employed, obviously part of the purchase price really represents payment for the directors' offices rather than payment for their shares. Without the consent of the shareholders, directors ought not to make an added profit in this way, any more than they could if the bidder proceeded by a general offer. But unless more than a third of the voting shares are being bought, the Act does not cover this case. Here, again, America is far ahead of us. There a number of courts have held that any part of the price paid which represents a sale of the directors' offices has to be restored to the company or to the other shareholders. Indeed, in the recent case of *Pelzman v. Feldmann* they went even further and held that the directors had to account to the other shareholders for the greater price which they had obtained by selling control of a company which produced a commodity in short supply. The market situation was a corporate advantage which they should have exploited for the benefit of the company, not themselves.

These American decisions were treated as illustrations of the general principle that the directors are in a fiduciary relationship to the company. It would be open to the English courts to apply the same principle in similar circumstances. But in the face of the express provisions in the Act it seems unlikely that they would do so and that they would allow the directors to retain all they received. Once again, our law seems to be defective.

Mammoth Fights in the United States

But the type of transaction I have just described is rare in this country in the case of public companies, for the existing managers are generally reluctant to relinquish control at any price. Hence the bidder will often have to face the final possibility. This is to buy on the market or elsewhere sufficient shares to give him a reasonable chance of ousting the existing board at an election at the next general meeting. That, however, is not so easy as it sounds. There is likely to be heavy buying of shares by both sides, followed by a flood of circulars in which management and opposition vie with each other in wooing the independent shareholders by arguments, promises, and charges of mismanagement and impropriety by the other side. Ultimately, victory goes to the side which can secure the greater number of proxy votes for use at the meeting. In England we still conduct these fights in a fairly restrained and gentlemanly fashion. Not so in the States, where some recent proxy fights (as they call them) have been on a truly mammoth scale and with no holds barred. The two most sensational were the battles for the New York Central Railroad in 1954, and for Montgomery Ward,

* Talks on this subject, by Mr. Harold Cowen and Mr. Anthony Crosland, were printed in *THE LISTENER* on July 8 and September 2, 1954

the mail-order firm, in 1955. In the railroad case, Mr. Robert Young and his associates ultimately succeeded in ousting Mr. William White and the Vanderbilt interests. In the Montgomery Ward case, Mr. Louis Wolfson tried in vain to wrest control from Mr. Sewell Avery.

In these American fights, in which, incidentally, bidders have been successful increasingly often, nothing is left undone to enlist support. Both sides engage lawyers, public relations consultants, and firms who specialise as proxy solicitors to round up shareholders by individual solicitation. Telephone, radio, and television are employed. Each side harasses the other by instituting legal proceedings in a variety of courts on a variety of grounds. Whole-page advertisements appear in the press and thirty-page magazines on the shareholders' breakfast tables. Stock-brokers and their clerks are assiduously canvassed and entertained, and the champions of the two factions stump the country, addressing meetings and dispensing refreshment.

Who Pays?

The questions which you are probably asking are: Doesn't this cost an awful lot? And who pays for it? The answer to the first question is: 'It sure does'. The New York Central fight cost Mr. Young's group over \$1,250,000, in addition to the cost of the shares which they bought and borrowed. The management's costs could not have been much less. As I have said, no English fight has been conducted on anything like this lavish scale. But even here there is likely to be a considerable outlay on legal and other advice and on printing, postage, and the like. And in time we, too, shall probably adopt some of the American gimmicks.

Then who pays? Here the existing management are at a great advantage. They can use the company's office machinery and their costs come out of the company's coffers. That this is permissible was established long ago in the English case of *Peel v. London North Western Railway* in 1907. The theory is that it is the directors' duty to see that the shareholders are fully informed and advised so that they can intelligently exercise their voting rights. True, the court entered a caveat, distinguishing expenditure incurred not in the interests of the company but solely for the purpose of maintaining the existing board. But in practice the courts have found it impossible to audit the expenses in this way, and the old management, win or lose, have recovered the whole of their costs.

The bidder, however, is in a much less happy position. He, as yet, does not control the corporate till and cannot dip into it. In practice he will probably raise the money from other companies with which he is associated. But this is likely to get him into trouble with the members of those companies, who may argue with some force that their director is not entitled to spend their money on attempting to secure office with another concern. Still, suppose he gambles on winning and the gamble comes off: can he then claim reimbursement of his expenses from the company which he now controls? Two recent American decisions (*Steinberg v. Adams* in 1950 and *Rosenfeld v. Fairchild Engine Co.* in 1955) have held that he can do so if the shareholders in general meeting approve. If the bidder has secured a majority vote at the election meeting, the probability is that he will also obtain a favourable vote at the later meeting to authorise reimbursement. Thus Mr. Young's group, having won the New York Central election, successfully put through a resolution at the next meeting authorising repayment of their costs. This enabled them to reimburse the Alleghany Corporation which had originally financed them and thus to assuage complaints by shareholders in that corporation. But this meant that it cost the New York Central's shareholders about \$2,000,000 to substitute the management of Mr. Young for the management of Mr. White. I do not suggest that Mr. Young was not worth it, but the shareholders would presumably have been happier still if he had not cost them quite so much.

In England there is no decision on this question of recovery of the bidder's costs. I dare say that some victorious assailant has later recouped himself from the company's coffers. But, if so, no one has taken him to court about it—probably no one has found out. But some day we shall have to decide whether the American decisions express the English law also. I am inclined to think that they do. But whether either management or opposition ought to be allowed to spend the company's money *ad lib* I gravely doubt.

The last question is how far the existing directors can go, consistently with their legal duties to the company, in an attempt to stave off a take-over bid. One obvious course is to ensure that they have long-term service agreements which will entitle them to claim heavy damages if they lose their offices. I have already emphasised that the Act expressly preserves the right to claim such damages and that service agreements

can be negotiated by the board without reference to the shareholders. Unless bad faith could be proved it would be next to impossible successfully to attack the legality of this course.

But the possibility that the company may have to compensate certain members of the old board is unlikely to dissuade a really determined bidder. A better solution is to make the company less attractive to him. One possibility is to remove from the control of the company any property which he is particularly likely to want to exploit. This was what was attempted by the directors of Savoy Hotel Ltd. Knowing that someone was enviously eyeing the Berkeley Hotel, one of the company's properties, they worked out an ingenious scheme whereby its control would be vested for the next fifty years in the trustees of the Staff Benevolent Fund. These trustees were not likely to favour any attempt to sell the hotel or convert it into offices, for this would throw many of the staff out of work. This scheme was ultimately abandoned, but not before a considerable public outcry had arisen. One learned counsel had advised the directors that the scheme was valid, but another, appointed by the Board of Trade to report on the matter, expressed the view that it was legally improper as an abuse of the directors' powers.

On the whole it is clearly safer to obtain approval at a shareholders' meeting to anything of this sort. Once shareholders have approved it is much more difficult for anyone to attack the legality of the action. If the existing directors act before the bidder has acquired a really large block of shares they should have no difficulty in securing a favourable vote. This was recently obtained by the directors of the Assam Company—the oldest British-owned tea company in India—when they adopted a scheme proceeding on rather different lines, that of making it more difficult for a bidder to obtain sufficient shares to give control. They secured the shareholders' approval for an issue of further shares to the trustees of the staff pension fund. As a result the Indian bidder who is seeking to obtain control has to obtain three-quarters of the shares held by the public before he has a bare majority of the total votes.

You will observe that both the Savoy and Assam schemes used pension fund trustees, and this certainly seems to have possibilities. If a majority of the company's shares come to be held by pension fund trustees appointed and removable by the board of the company, one has a perfect illustration of a self-perpetuating management. The directors appoint trustees who can be relied on to appoint them. If the trustees show signs of revolt the directors remove them and appoint others more docile. I am not aware that any English company has yet gone as far. It seems legally watertight, but is not something that can be done quickly, and if one can plan long ahead there are other equally effective devices.

The simplest and often the most rapid method of rendering the company less inviting to a bidder is to raise the market quotation so that there is less disparity between the price of the shares and the value of the undertaking. The easiest way of doing this is to increase the dividends. This undoubtedly is one of the reasons for the startling rise in dividend distributions in the last eighteen months. Provided there are profits available for dividend no legal attack on this would have any chance of success.

Opportunities for Abuse

I suggest that this review of the legal position shows that our existing rules provide many opportunities for abuse by the directors of their privileged position in connection with a take-over bid. Happily, directors rarely avail themselves of these opportunities, but that is despite rather than because of the law. The principle that directors are in a fiduciary relationship to the company has itself suffered some eclipse, and when a take-over bid is made or threatened it alone is insufficient. If shareholders are then to be adequately protected the directors must be deemed to owe duties to them and not merely to the fictitious entity, the company. To some extent the Act recognises this, but its recognition falls far short of that afforded by the American courts. At the very least, all payments which can properly be regarded wholly or partly as compensation for loss of office should require ratification by the shareholders in general meeting. And similar ratification should be needed both for the grant of any service agreement to a director and for payment of damages for its breach. Further, some effective restraint should surely be placed on the extent to which the existing management, and perhaps the bidder, too, can prepare for and wage a proxy fight at the shareholders' expense.

When we next revise our Companies Act it may be necessary to tighten our somewhat lax rules and to make directors more truly trustees, and trustees not only for their companies but also for their shareholders.—*Third Programme*

John Evelyn and His Diary

By DAVID PIPER

ONE evening in 1814 the then Lady Evelyn laid aside for a moment the tippet she was running up from birds' feathers and revealed to a Mr. Upcott the existence of a large quantity of Evelyn family manuscripts. She said that they furnished the kitchen with abundance of waste paper.

Amongst this abundance was the manuscript diary of John Evelyn, and the first, very selective, edition of that famous work was published four years later, in 1818. Subsequent editions and re-issues—and they were many, for it was a very popular book—enlarged only slightly on the first edition. Only now has the full text at last been published*; it adds some 200,000 words—it is almost a third as long again as the previously published texts. I cannot pretend that these additions are intrinsically sensational, or mostly even exciting; the great bulk of them seems to consist of abstracts of the sermons that Evelyn heard on Sundays; they will fascinate those interested in the history of pulpit oratory or of the Latitudinarian movement in the English Church at the end of the seventeenth century, but the general reader may well be surprised by exceeding drowsiness in perusing them, as even Evelyn himself was often in hearing them, during the last twenty-five years of his life. And yet they are of major importance for the true balance of any assessment of Evelyn, and, through him, of the character, of the make-up of living, in his time: Sunday after Sunday through the long years, they deploy the apparatus on which Evelyn took his religious exercise; looming amongst the social engagements, the people seen, the daily round, the weather, the news, they reveal all these, relatively, as trivia, and they demonstrate as no generalisation could hope to do, how inextricably religion was bound into the fabric of most men's lives.

For the general historian their importance will be that they are part and parcel of the whole; Evelyn is a major source for seventeenth-century historians, and the appearance of a complete and uncorrupt text must be a major event. In his lifetime, he published compilations on architecture, painting, costume; on gardening from all aspects, technique and lay-out and stock; on trees and afforestation; he wrote on religion, on education, on public employment, on snow-pits in Italy and on the best way of making bread; he discussed, in *Fumifugium* in 1661, the problem of fog in London, advocating a smokeless zone in the centre of the city and a green belt planted with sweet-smelling trees and shrubs and flowers. This variety of eager curiosity was not, of course, Evelyn's alone; it was characteristic of the astonishing efflorescence of genius in England after the Restoration, when human knowledge was advancing in all directions at breath-taking speed, and yet had not advanced so far as to seem to rule out, for any one man, the tremendous possibility of omniscience; specialisation was not yet a necessity, though it very soon would be. In intellectual stature, Evelyn does not rank very high in his time, beside, for example, Wren and Boyle and Newton, or even Robert Hooke or Sir William Petty; what he did, as none other of them did, was simply to take pen and ink and write it all down, and in the *Diary* the impact of this zest for knowledge on life comes out as nowhere else, on almost everyone of any education, from King Charles II downwards. On November 24, 1661, His Majesty fell into discourse with Evelyn 'Concerning Bees, etc.'; on other occasions it was concerning architec-

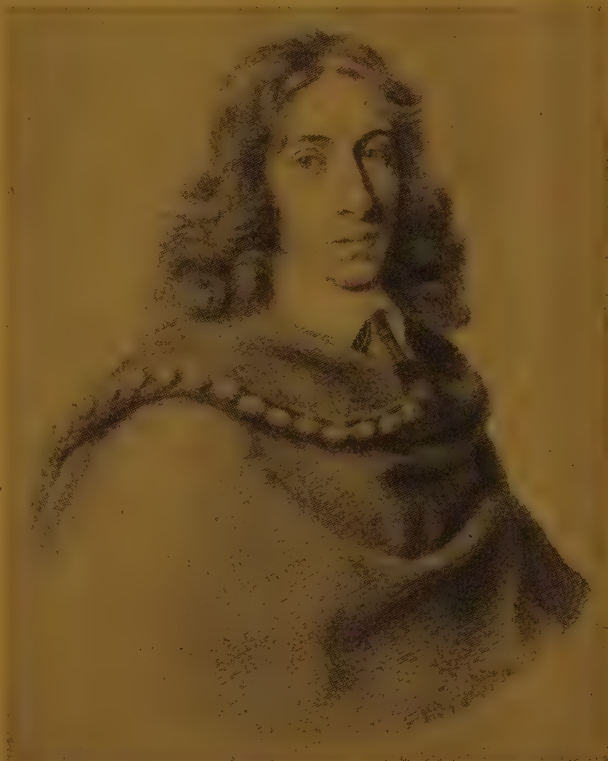
ture, gardens, glass grenades, swimming, ship-building, horse-carriages.

Compared—and the comparison is all but inevitable—compared with the *Diary* of his friend, Samuel Pepys, Evelyn is generally bald and a little dry. Pepys gives the impression that the world was just not enough for his energy and vitality and vanity; having busied about it all day, it is as though he could not sleep until he had re-enacted the whole public and private day under the veil of his shorthand. For Evelyn, born to a higher social rank, breeding, education, and an innate reserve combined into a fastidious decorum; it is beside the point to suggest,

as is sometimes done, that he consciously suppressed anything in his *Diary*, whether for fear of posterity or any other reason. For him, good manners were so engrained in his character that he could not express himself except in their terms; a Pepysian self-ostentation and nakedness is unthinkable in him. So the *Diary* is not a revelation of self; it is rather—as soon, at least, as Evelyn is returned from the Continent—a stage across which most of the major British characters of the second half of the seventeenth century pass. And in one respect, anyway, Evelyn has it over Pepys: in stamina, in sheer extent. Pepys covers less than ten years; Evelyn covers eighty-six, looking backwards to his birth in 1620, and working on until his death in 1706. He is the man of the middle way, unheroic, sometimes almost pusillanimous, yet capable of true moral grandeur, as in his behaviour at his post in London throughout the Plague. He continues. Equally pursuing the continental grand tour while England was rent by the Civil Wars; in the unsettled period of the Interregnum, in the early 'fifties, settling to the long-term project of his great garden at Sayes Court; after the Restoration, devoted to public works, to writings for the public, good and the advancement of taste, surviving the Plague, bobbing up before the King after the Great Fire with

a plan for the rebuilding of London before its ashes were even cool; bending like the proverbial reed before the political storms, before Popish Plot or Glorious Revolution, living on and on, alert; ever curious, until his death in the year of Marlborough's second great victory at Ramillies.

It is the great scale of this sweep of time, combined with the intelligence and situation of its chronicle, and the range of his interest in persons and things, that makes a definitive edition of the *Diary* at once so desirable an end and so monumental in the undertaking. And a great part of my purpose is to celebrate not only Evelyn, but Mr. de Beer's edition as a piece of editing, for there is no doubt whatever in my mind that this is one of the great editions in the English language. One should note, to begin with, three weaknesses. The first two are beyond Mr. de Beer's control. One is the price, which is, I suppose, an unfortunate necessity of our times; but as a piece of book-production the work is, both technically and aesthetically, a noble achievement. Second, the lack of first-hand reference to the remainder of the Evelyn manuscript material, which contains many unpublished letters, but only became available too late to be used by Mr. de Beer. Third, I think one can justifiably diagnose a relative weakness in the editor's command of the modern bibliography of the fine arts—this is, however, strictly a relative weakness, and it is lost to sight in comparison with the massive, precise, and masterly overall knowledge that informs the editing as a whole. Editing is an ungrateful and selfless task, but this is surely an



John Evelyn: a drawing of 1650 by Robert Nanteuil

By permission of John Evelyn, Esq., of Wotton

occasion to sing without inhibition of high scholarship and footnotes, and also to salute in Mr. de Beer one of the last of a great race. For editorial ventures of this order are now almost always undertaken by teams of scholars, each one a specialist. Mr. de Beer's product, though he is generous in his acknowledgements of help, is his own, and it has taken him over a quarter of a century. Somewhere he pays tribute to Sir Charles Firth, as to one 'who knew the men and women of the seventeenth century much as a man knows his friends and acquaintances, not only as characters but also in the whole moral and intellectual world in which they lived'. If the same can be said now of any living scholar, it can be said of Mr. de Beer.

Enlargement of Original Entries

His first task was, in his own words, 'to reproduce the *Diary* as faithfully as print can follow manuscript'. A glance at the facsimiles of Evelyn's hand which he reproduces will be enough to convince of the difficulty there alone. It must, however, have been trifling compared with those that were to follow. In fact, the *Diary* is not what is generally implied by that term. From his eleventh year onwards, Evelyn seems to have kept more or less day-to-day notes of his activities, but all but a very few of these have now vanished. Approximately the first forty years of the *Diary*, from 1620 to 1660, are recensions, written up by Evelyn from his original notes on various occasions between 1660 and 1684, and it is only from that last date, 1684, that the *Diary* becomes in fact a truly contemporary record. Moreover, when he was writing up those recensions, Evelyn enlarged enormously on his original entries, sometimes from memory, sometimes from other sources, and so it becomes important that students should know which entries are first hand and which derivatory—and, if so, whence Evelyn derived them. Mr. de Beer reveals, for example, that a great part of Evelyn's comments and descriptions of works of art, during his grand tour, are based on contemporary guidebooks, the *Baedekers* of the time, and on other reference works. To take one instance: his account of Palladio's famous staircase at Chambord is lifted entirely from Palladio's own published description of it, errors and all. Evelyn's contribution is very brief but reveals a great deal of Evelyn: 'indeed very extraordinary, but of far greater expense than use or beauty'.

That is a very simple example; more often it is by no means obvious where Evelyn is expressing his own opinion, and Mr. de Beer's devoted labour in clearing the field in this subject will be well rewarded when, as he has now made possible, a study of Evelyn's influence on taste in Britain is undertaken. Later on in the *Diary*, when it becomes a true diary, the editor has still had to distinguish between the first and the second-hand; much of the news recorded by Evelyn was taken straight from the newspaper. The editor is there to tell you which issue of which newspaper, and, if necessary, that the newspaper was wrong anyway. In some ways, indeed, Mr. de Beer must know far more about the seventeenth century than Evelyn did; one of the marvels of this edition is the way in which this knowledge is conveyed: the urbanity, the tact. The editor stands discreetly at Evelyn's elbow; for example, that 'very monstrous beast' that Evelyn saw in Paris and recorded as a 'Dromedarie', turns out to be a Bactrian camel; now, the editor observes that it could not have been on the eleventh that Evelyn did this or that, but on the tenth; that it could not have been at Le Bouveret that Evelyn became infected with smallpox from a bed warmed for him by a daughter of the inn-keeper, but rather at Milan. And so on and so on, through some 12,000 footnotes, and the sure delicacy with which the editor walks the tightrope of necessary accuracy over the arid deserts of pedantry is an extraordinary *tour de force*.

Life and Character

The work is rounded at one end by an introduction which includes the most judicial and well-informed summary of Evelyn's life and character yet written, and at the other end by an index which is a masterpiece among indexes, and must by itself represent several years' work. Some people may not share my enthusiasm for indexes, but this one really is a piece of high-precision engineering, before which students will stand admiring and a little breathless, much as an explorer might admire a new cross-country truck equipped with power-steering, caterpillar tracks, radar, and all the rest. This index will take scholars into as strange places as any truck, and is also in effect an analysis of the whole *Diary*.

So, at last, we have the *Diary*. Yet Evelyn himself still abides the question; a little pale in character, perpetually elusive, virtuous but

perhaps a little too virtuous to be true. His piety, his decorum, his good works, all these appealed enormously to the early and mid-Victorians who were the first to know his *Diary*, but already by 1882 *The Times* found him self-satisfied, and in his character 'a considerable dash of what is vulgarly called a "prig"'. He sometimes touches a personal vein of elegiac poetry—here he is on the Appian way, and will never forget, he says, 'how exceedingly I was delighted with the sweetness of this passage, the sepulchres mixed amongst the verdures of all shrubs'—but on the whole his intimate emotions and relationships are only very formally indicated.

Another new book, by Mr. W. G. Hiscock*, is an attempt to round out his character, by setting it in relationship with his family circle.

Personally, more than by any new revelation of Evelyn himself, I was fascinated, almost startled, in this book by some of the minor characters who spring up in Evelyn's background: by Evelyn's sister Jane and her witty husband, William Glanville; by Evelyn's daughter Mary; but, above all, by his wife, also Mary, whom he married when he was twenty-six and she about twelve. In the *Diary* she rarely appears as much more than a cipher, almost a piece of the furniture, 'my wife', but from the extracts of her letters printed by Mr. Hiscock she emerges as a most positive creature and, more, as a brilliant letter-writer. Here she is writing from the depths of winter at Sayes Court:

The flowers and greens . . . are candying in snow to be preserved for the Spring . . . silence [is] our law so strictly observed that neither dog nor cat dares transgress it; the crackling of the ice, and whistling winds are our music which if continued long in the same quarter may possibly freeze our wits as well as our pens . . . I am inclined to believe myself a tortoise, a good secure invention.

And here, again, with a pathos hardly ever attained by her husband, lamenting her dead children:

I would say something comfortable in my own behalf, but it can never be; past ideas return and I wear out time, images are ever present; yet I acknowledge God's mercy for what remains.

Often in the letters quoted here, as but rarely in the *Diary*, one almost catches the echo of Evelyn's coach rumbling between Sayes Court and London, the movement of air and the settling of dust, and through it all the tick of the clock.

A wider public than specialists may be thankful that so much of Evelyn himself remains. Elusive though his heart may be, I think most people will come to agree with his great friend Pepys, who recognised his conceit and his affectations, but who wrote of their walking together in Evelyn's garden one Sunday 'with mighty pleasure, he being a very ingenious man; and the more I know him the more I love him'.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Begging Bowls

Sometimes the squat figure
Cornering a side-street
Is far too familiar
To rank importunate.
Only then is it not enough
To drop the daily penny
In the harpist's conch
And hurry by.

One or two have wrestled
There, goaded to solve
A bankruptcy that forfeits man
His bitter broken self.
Others long compelled
To lose themselves worthily
Have knelt at the kerbstone
Feeling their way.

But anyone circumspect who keeps
A well-cut begging bowl,
Polished in time of fast
Or family festival,
Anyone sidling nonchalantly
Down the cathedral steps
May be suddenly faced
With his own country.

PATRICIA AVIS

* *John Evelyn and His Family Circle* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.), reviewed in THE LISTENER last week

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Christian Hope and Physical Evil

Sir,—A year ago, in a broadcast talk on 'Morals without Religion', I used an argument based on 'St. Augustine's dilemma' (THE LISTENER, January 1, 1955): either God cannot abolish evil or he will not; if he cannot, he is not all-powerful; if he will not, he is not all-good. Many eminent Christians at once replied that the argument had often been answered. But none of them deigned to say what the answer was.

I have been trying ever since to find out; so I was naturally much interested in the five talks that have just been given by leading Churchmen on 'The Christian Hope and Physical Evil'. Now surely, I thought, the Church will put its cards on the table. But I was disappointed.

Only two of the five speakers—the Rev. T. W. Manson and Canon Raven—indicated that there was any intellectual difficulty in supposing that a world full of evil was created by a God who is both all-powerful and wholly good; and neither speaker offered any solution of the difficulty, but simply said, in effect, that God's ways are inscrutable, and that we must trust where we cannot see. But at least they confronted the problem; whereas none of the other speakers did more than give it a sidelong glance, and then rapidly change the subject.

The last two speakers were more eschatological than the rest. Both emphasised that the immortality of the soul is no part of Christian doctrine, but that we have eternal life only through 'God's gift and act of resurrection'. I listened attentively, therefore, to see how modern theologians deal with the resurrection of the body. But I ended more baffled than I began; and I fear that many listeners must have shared my experience.

If I were a Christian, I should be especially puzzled about the nature of the resurrected or 'spiritual' body. I should want to ask—does it occupy space? If the answer is 'no', can it really be called a body—is there any meaningful difference between a spiritual body and no body at all? And if the answer is 'yes', must we suppose that millions of resurrected bodies are (or will be) located somewhere in the universe?

Before hearing the broadcasts, I had supposed that most educated Christians would reject the second alternative as childish. But now I am not so sure. Dr. J. J. Whale says of the resurrected body that, though 'distinct from its earthly counterpart, [it is] yet somehow inherently one with it as its organic continuum [*sic*]'. If anything is the 'organic continuum' of a physical body, it must surely be in physical space?

But perhaps it is not quite playing the game to take the last-quoted phrase so seriously. A religious broadcaster can expect to get away with a good deal; and so scientific-sounding a phrase as 'inherently one with it as its organic continuum' could be relied on to overawe many listeners, and to give them the feeling that it expressed some profound truth, too difficult for the ordinary layman to understand.

Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

MARGARET KNIGHT

Sir,—In his broadcast talk 'The Christian Faith and Eternal Hope' (THE LISTENER, December 22) Professor Emil Brunner asserts that: 'The Peoples of Asia, the peoples of the pre-

Christian world, had never looked into the future for the meaning of life'.

Doubtless others besides myself must have wondered how Professor Brunner would reconcile this statement with the fact of the existence of both Jewish and Zoroastrian Apocalyptic. So far as the great religions of Asia are concerned, Professor Brunner's comparison would seem to be largely invalidated by the fact that neither Hinduism nor Buddhism entertains the idea of 'the future' in the sense in which we use the term in Europe. They both, however, claim to interpret 'things temporal' in the light of 'things eternal'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

F. H. HILLIARD

Experiments in European Union

Sir,—I have read with great interest the talk by Mr. William Pickles on 'Why Experiments in European Union Failed' in THE LISTENER of December 15. While agreeing with much of what Mr. Pickles says, I think it is a little unfair to lump the European Coal and Steel Community with E.D.C. and W.E.U. as though all three came out of the same mould. The Community is a federal form of organisation with a great deal to show for its four years' work.

I have recently visited Luxembourg and some of the member countries and talked not only to officials of the High Authority but to people engaged in the coal and steel industries. In Paris I had the privilege of a talk with M. Jean Monnet which convinced me that the Community was established in its present form because he believed in a practical approach with limited economic objectives. Far from hoping that the United Kingdom would join, M. Monnet realised that the Schuman Plan would have to show results before the British Government would take it seriously. The form taken by British association with the Community arising out of the Treaty of Association signed last year confirms this view. The United Kingdom, with its special Commonwealth commitments, cannot be expected to become a 'full' member, but it can nevertheless make a very real contribution to the work of the Community.

Yours, etc.,

Northwood

RICHARD BAILEY

Is an Expenditure Tax Feasible?

Sir,—Commenting in THE LISTENER of December 29 on my broadcast talk, Mr. Kaldor explains that his proposals involve a considerable shift in the tax burden from families to bachelors. My impression however was, and is, that they would do much more than that. He says in his book, *An Expenditure Tax*, that if the maximum rate were put at 266½ per cent. the new tax would mean 'a great increase in the true tax burden on the large majority of top-ranking taxpayers' (page 238); and in his own suggested schedule, three pages later, he puts the maximum up to 300 per cent.

In his letter Mr. Kaldor attributes my assessment of his proposals to 'political and ideological considerations'. As to that, I must of course leave the judgement to others, but I should perhaps say that I have no party associations whatsoever.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

ARNOLD PLANT

'Persian Oil'

Sir,—If we cannot agree about the consulates we probably cannot agree about anything. What is splitting hairs to Mr. Elwell-Sutton is a fundamental difference to me. In effect, Dr. Moussadeq said:

Whatever international law may say, and whatever the needs of Britain, the British shall not have more than one consulate in Persia.

The British said:

Persia has only one consulate in the United Kingdom, but then she only asked for one. She can have more if she likes.

Equal status? Really.

Mr. Elwell-Sutton admits that the British promises to the Shaikh of Mohammerah was not unlimited, and also that my version of Article XIII of the treaty of 1921 was correct. It is true that he alleges that his incorrect paraphrase represents 'the intention and practical effect of the article'; but it seems a waste of time to argue this point with a writer who maintains that between (a) such concessions as were handed back to Persia under a given treaty, and (b) all concessions in north Persia, there is only a slight difference in wording. It seems to me regrettable to invite Russia to place upon a treaty a meaning favourable to herself that the words will not bear. I still think that Mr. Elwell-Sutton did this when, forgetting the exchange of letters, he gave the widest interpretation to the Soviet right to send troops into Persia. If Russia decided it was safe to invade Persia she would not hesitate long, and she might or might not quote the treaty of 1921; but given the wording of the letters, and the time when they were written, it would be next to impossible to bring present-day conditions within their meaning. It is interesting to note that the Russians, very sensibly, have lately tended to base protests rather upon the treaty of 1927.

To write a balanced account of controversial events is difficult, but one can always try. If Mr. Elwell-Sutton had had in mind the facts I recalled about A.I.O.C. wheat rationing and the pro-Axis activities of prominent Persians, the relevant passages would have been worded differently. His book has driven me to the conclusion that nothing creditable to Britain is ever present to his mind: hence his picture of perfect villainy and perfect stupidity. The passage on pages 115-116 bears out this contention. No ordinary person could deal with the Soviet attempt to extort an oil concession from Persia without saying that when the treaty date for the evacuation of the foreign troops arrived, the Russians stayed in Persia—and adding, I suggest, that the British left. Even the words Mr. Elwell-Sutton quotes in self-defence do not say that in staying the Russians had violated a treaty. His contention: 'It seemed hardly relevant to refer to Britain's unimpeachable correctness in evacuating the last of her troops on the due date' is unconvincing enough, but it is reduced to nonsense by the first words in the passage: 'The Americans [were] the first to evacuate their war-time troops from Persia'.

Yours, etc.,

Dry Sandford

R. W. BULLARD

The Political Quarterly, vol. xxvii, No. 1 (January-March, 1956), is a special number devoted to 'trade-union problems'. It is published by the Turnstile Press, price 7s. 6d.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Art and Architecture of Japan

By R. T. Paine and A. Soper.

Pelican History of Art. 45s.

WE ARE FORTUNATE to be presented with a history of Japanese art and architecture by two Americans who know so much about the subject. To have put so many significant facts with such mature reflections upon them into a single volume is an achievement on which anyone who has ventured at all into this field will heartily congratulate them. And we should be grateful to the editor of this history of art for having given Japan a volume to itself, when Indo-China, Indonesia, Burma, and Siam have been squeezed into the end of the single volume on India. But the rule of the series has excluded all except painting and sculpture and architecture from consideration, so that such characteristic products of Japanese civilisation as pottery and the sword, lacquer, and Nō robes, are ignored. It is worth noting to put the record straight, that in a current publication on the world's ceramics now appearing in Japan, a single volume out of sixteen is devoted to the pottery and porcelain of Europe.

But we have rich compensation in the full treatment of architecture, for the first time in a western book. By reducing what need be said on the last 500 years to fifteen pages, Mr. Soper has been able to devote a hundred to the development of the characteristic architectural style of Japan, which with its sensitivity of handling, its care of materials, and interest in the spatial relations of an irregular system of cubes, must be of particular interest to our own period when the cube has become for us, too, the basis of architectural grammar. It is no reflection on the admirable handling of the history of painting in Japan by Mr. Paine to find Mr. Soper's chapters on her architecture of even greater interest.

The whole theme of the book may be said to be the tension between the Chinese and Japanese traditions; the deliberate adoption of Chinese ideas, styles, and forms of art and their more or less unconscious modification and partial rejection through the forces of Japanese historical development. This is sometimes spoken of as 'nationalism', but perhaps best in a passage where Mr. Paine, in writing of the flowering in the Momoyama period of the great decorative screens of the Kanō school, says that they were 'indebted intellectually to the ancient arts of China, and dependent emotionally on the past of Japan'. The social history of the arts shows this dichotomy in operation; famous names in Japanese art history arise from among the craftsmen of the minor arts, in China from among the scholar-officials for whom painting was the highest aesthetic and intellectual recreation.

At a deeper level, the author points to the influence of Buddhism on Japanese civilisation, to which it gave the idea of 'life as an aspect of mind'. This supplied a keen psychological insight, so that the figures in the early scroll paintings express the whole range of human emotions—a contrast with the cosmic theme of landscape, so monumentally realised in the Chinese scroll painting. Nevertheless, it is probably to Chinese example that Japan owed such essential art forms of her own culture as the *tokonoma*, the picture alcove, and the *kakemono*, or hanging picture which suited it, both of which Mr. Paine believes to have been introduced not earlier than the end of the Kamakura period, late in the fourteenth century. Yet Mr. Soper shows the gradual evolution of the former from a primi-

tive form in the tea room, built by the Shogun Yoshimasa in 1483, an alcove with window, with still no place for a painting.

This is one sign that the two halves of the book were not written in collaboration; which brings both advantages in binocular appreciation, but also some repetition and disproportion. Taken all round, it is a notable contribution to western appreciation of Japanese civilisation.

Spotlight on Asia. By Guy Wint.

Penguin Special. 2s. 6d.

Considering the leading position we held in Asia for so long until so recently; considering, too, the importance of understanding the immense changes taking place in that vast area, which contains more than half the total population of the world, it is rather deplorable that so few books on the changing situation in the Orient have been produced in England. Most of the works of real value have been compiled in America and are too highly priced for the average British pocket or too technical for the general reader. The Penguin publishers are therefore to be commended for bringing out *Spotlight on Asia*, which is, as one would expect from its author, highly informative, shrewdly written and extremely readable, yet well within the reach of even the most slender purse.

Readers of *The Manchester Guardian's* inimitable leading articles will recognise some of the material included in these pages and the hand which wrote them; and those who recall Guy Wint's searching analysis in *The British in Asia* will not be disappointed in his present study of the changes and developments which took place between August 1947, when India achieved its independence, and April this year, when delegates from twenty-nine Asian and African countries attended the Bandung Conference.

Few will quibble with his choice of August 15, 1947, as the day which marked the advent of a new era in the affairs of Asia although, somewhat surprisingly, he fails to stress also the important bearing of the date, rather less than two months later, when Moscow announced the birth of the Cominform as spiritual successor of the defunct Comintern. Surprisingly, too, he includes Vinoba Bhave among the four outstanding personalities in Asia today, but omits Ho Chi-Minh. The tremendous impact of Communism and, more particularly, of Communist China on the changes that have been taking place throughout Asia during the past eight years, however, is fully brought out. Especially does he emphasise that the Communists were the first people in history to transform peasant discontent into a political movement and that the great mass of the people of Asia are still peasants, tilling the soil for a bare subsistence. Like other close observers of the Asian scene he stresses, too, that India and China are now alternative models for the other countries of Asia to follow. Each of these two great giants is seeking to solve the same basic problems, India by peaceful democratic means, China by the more spectacular and drastic methods of Communism. On which system shows the quickest and most effective results, much will depend.

Apart from reviewing the more important trends and developments of the past eight years country by country, special attention is given to such general factors as pressure of population, progress of land reform, collectivisation, religion, and the emotional sympathy extended

by even the non-Communist countries to the Chinese as fellow Asians. Closely akin to this last phenomenon, the author points out, is the unpalatable fact that, to most Asian minds, the possibilities of a revived form of western colonialism appear more real and more to be feared than the possibilities of Chinese expansionism. Bearing in mind, however, the tremendous yearly increase of population in China, Japan, India and other Asian countries, he considers pressure of population to be 'the supreme and most sinister force likely to be at work in Asia in the next half century' and, looking at Communism as a form of religion, he reminds his readers that 'nothing has brought . . . so many alterations in world history as new religions which attain large followings'. These, indeed, are chastening thoughts.

Alps and Elephants

By Sir Gavin de Beer. Bles. 10s. 6d.

Hannibal's passage of the Alps has long stirred the imagination of men, and the details of this epic feat, whether of major historical importance or not, have exercised a strange fascination. Since the problem of his exact route seems to have aroused emotional as well as intellectual interest, many an academic lance has been broken in this field, champions of the various theories have laid about them with vigour, and the battlefield is littered with the remains of discarded solutions.

Undeterred, Sir Gavin de Beer has ridden forth, strong in the faith that he will succeed where others have failed. He draws his confidence, not primarily from a classical scholar's knowledge of the ancient evidence, but from a belief in the survival of the names of ancient rivers and tribes through the Middle Ages, and from his equipment as a scientist and Alpinist, ready to bring to the aid of the historian all the paraphernalia of glacial changes, rates of river-flow, snow-lines, pollen-analysis, and calcium carbonate deposits at the bottom of the Atlantic. Using such evidence for climatic conditions, he attempts to establish the snow-line as it was in 218 B.C., and on the basis of this he rules out from consideration certain Alpine passes because they were below the snow-line. A non-scientific reader may perhaps be allowed to wonder to what extent such arguments can lead to proof: might not an exceptionally severe winter upset normal conditions, and if so how can we be sure that the snow-line, when Hannibal crossed, was normal?

The crux of the problem is, however, textual and literary. Any attempt to determine the Alpine pass used by Hannibal must be preceded by a decision about his route from the Rhone to the Alps, and that depends upon the name of a tributary of the Rhone which the manuscripts of the historians Polybius and Livy record in various forms. Of this Sir Gavin de Beer is fully aware. With a vigour of argument, which he tends to deprecate in others, he has complained with some justification that the *apparatus criticus* of some modern printed texts falls short of clarity. Sweeping aside modern emendations which bring the river Isère into either text, he believes that Polybius named the river the Skaras, and Livy the Arar. These two names he identifies with the modern Aiguës. He then proceeds to identify and locate some of the Celtic tribal place-names given by Livy, on the assumption that their tribal boundaries coincided with the later frontiers of the *civitates* of the Roman province and that these in turn corres-



Man of steel

JACK DAVIES, first hand melter in a steelworks in South Wales. Behind him the melting shop. Behind both – steel that spans the globe. Steel sheet for car bodies, tins, refrigerators, washing machines and domestic appliances of all kinds. As the world's demand grows, British steelmakers increase their efforts to turn out steel of the quality and quantity needed. Behind these increased efforts are men of the calibre of Jack Davies.

British steel leads the world

pond with the dioceses of the Church of Rome in France. As he recognises, such an argument depends on the assumption that between Hannibal's day and the Roman conquest there was no important migration of these tribes. These and similar matters must be left to the judgement of the philologists. Sir Gavin has perhaps not quite faced up to the problem of the way in which Livy worked as a historian and his relation to his literary sources: one well-known crux is that Livy (xxi.31.9) records that Hannibal turned 'to the left', when in fact such a movement would have taken him directly away from the Alps. Sir Gavin de Beer skates past this difficulty too lightly; an inquiry into possible reasons for Livy's mistake might reach conclusions that would not square with Sir Gavin's general theory.

In short, he has written a fascinating and ingenious book, dealing more with Alps than elephants (though what he says about the latter is sound), one that all who love detective fiction will enjoy. He hopes that he has solved this perennial problem by taking Hannibal over the Col de la Traversette; he may well be right, but to one reader at least his arguments fall short of proof. But dull would be the man who failed to enjoy his gallant attempt.

The Religious Orders in England.
Volume II: The End of the Middle Ages. By Dom David Knowles.
 Cambridge. 45s.

The history of the monastic and religious orders in England which Professor Knowles began to publish nearly twenty years ago has now reached the penultimate volume. Those who have become familiar with this work will be aware that this is not merely a history which a student of the period must always consult, but one of high literary achievement. 'History as literature' has come to mean a vulgarisation of specialist research; but Professor Knowles, by his gift for interpreting all the available evidence both from his own research and the findings of other scholars, and by an insight which discovers the concrete image to illuminate the material, has renewed the classic tradition of English historical writing. When, in the volume under review, he writes: 'Over all the records of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, even in the Charterhouse, there hangs that scent of cloth and leather, that flavour of the commonplace and limited, that makes the age seem one of bourgeois tastes, and lacking in spiritual aspiration', he displays this personal quality which might be affectation if it were not controlled by exact scholarship, but which, as he uses it, becomes so vivid a means for an intuitive understanding of the past.

The period covered in this part is a barren time; all the orders have grown to the self-satisfied maturity which is the most dangerous moment for institutions, the moment when criticism from without has not yet summoned criticism from within. Wyclif, Langland, Chaucer are more important to the historian tracing the first earth-tremors than they appeared in their day. Professor Knowles allows them the full thrust of their invective; yet Wyclif's shrill exasperation, or Langland's bitterness, or Chaucer's irony seem curiously transient against the massive monastic stability. Henry V might envisage minor reforms, but it was not difficult to lose such recommendations in the cloaca of sub-committees; the Visitors might interrogate and report, they came and went and the community would sink back into itself. At times there is a certain lazy charm in the picture: 'he often stayed at Redburn with the monks in *villeggiatura*, ringing the

bells for office when others failed to do so, and smilingly putting a forfeit of wine on late-comers to dinner'. But to find the spiritual life of the fourteenth century we have to be taken outside the cloister and discover the secular parish priest who wrote *The Cloud*.

Professor Knowles' treatment of the period is divided into two parts: the historical framework and the institutional background. Since there is no story to tell, the author 'must be content to consider particular topics or take cross-sections and soundings'. It is impossible to do more than indicate a few of the subjects discussed: the consequences of the Black Death, for example—'once invoked as the great stimulant of revolution [it] is now seen to be chiefly an accelerator of changes already under way'. Or the extremely interesting discussion of the monastic economy: 'From a regime of high farming and direct exploitation of demesne there was a gradual but necessary shift towards an economy of rents and leases which ended by breaking down the old economic and tenurial structure of the manor'. The chapters on theological speculation and controversy at the universities are particularly brilliant; a single sentence sums up the nature of Ockhamism and all the malaise of this century—'Under the plea of honouring God's liberty, He was for all practical purposes left out of sight'.

Many of these pages are as sharp as anything Coulton wrote, yet without his sour prejudice. 'The historian', as Professor Knowles said in his inaugural lecture, 'is not trying the men and women of the past; he is contemplating them'. Such charity can control the irony in the portrait of Abbot Clown, 'the most skilful master of greyhounds in the country', and achieve the tenderness in the miniature of Richard Methley 'in the solitude of that quiet cloister shadowed by the hanging oaks on the skirt of the high moors'. It should be remembered that the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge is also a religious of the Benedictine Order and is heir to its wide humanism as well as its tradition of scrupulous scholarship. But the unique art of this reflective historian is his poet's intuition of *la sainte réalité*.

Mind and Body. By Pedro L. Entralgo.
 Harvill. 12s. 6d.

In this book Professor Entralgo, Rector of Madrid University, traces man's changing attitude to illness from the times of ancient Babylon onwards and shows that in those earlier years of the history of medicine the priest-physicians responsible for treatment paid as much attention to the minds of their patients as to their bodies. He then discusses modern medicine and points out that although the clinical physician of today has advanced sufficiently to show an interest in the mind and personality of his patient, the pathologist still tends to be a 'slave to his "physical" or crassly "somatic" vision of man and of disease'. What is needed now and what appears to be beginning is an anthropological era in medicine in which the genesis and development of illnesses are interpreted from the point of view of their significance in the biography of the patient. It is from this view-point that the exponents of the psycho-somatic school of medicine are now looking at diseases and finding that many of the illnesses which were previously regarded as being physical in origin are, to a large extent, psychically determined. Amongst such diseases may be mentioned the following: peptic ulcer, thyrotoxicosis, ulcerative colitis, bronchial asthma, and a great variety of skin disorders.

In this foreword Mr. E. B. Strauss, lecturer in psychological medicine at St. Bartholomew's

Hospital, describes this book as 'a very important contribution to the history of medicine', and this opinion one can fully accept. It is a scholarly and learned book requiring and deserving all the attention one is capable of giving it. By this is meant that *Mind and Body* is not a work for the casual reader of popular books on medicine.

Ancient American Pottery

By G. H. S. Bushnell and Adrian Digby.
 Faber. 35s.

The idea of 'pure form' is now in such disfavour and the present generation of critics has been so deeply impressed with a notion of the indispensable value of art history that a work such as this may, in addition to its great intrinsic value (it could hardly be better), show us in an interesting fashion just how far we may go in a region where the comforts and conveniences of modern criticism are practically unobtainable. For, to provide that kind of detailed and reliable account of the development of types and symbols, of ideas and moods, which can so usefully be applied by the student of western painting is barely possible when we come to consider pre-Columbian art. These artists are anonymous; it is likely that many of them were women—but we cannot be sure; it is probable that most of their art is religious but we cannot, in many cases, be certain. The social and material background of the artists is obscure. They did not have the wheel; they did not—to our way of thinking—understand the use of glazes; we know something of the Aztecs and something of the un-American activities of the Incas; but all is dark, remote, and confused. Cultures arose and flourished surprisingly, were conquered mysteriously and decayed inexplicably, until at last all vanished like a dream awaking to sudden horror and ruin beneath the assault of invaders from another world.

Scholars may know and may learn more than is conveyed by these remarks. In a handbook such as this, which is intended to provide a general survey of an enormous field and which, with a clear, concise, and scholarly text and with excellent photographs most admirably succeeds in doing so, the sense of mystery is retained by the necessarily rapid treatment of many different cultures. But, even allowing for this, the limitations and *lacunae* of modern knowledge are sufficiently evident.

Here then we have works of art which we must perforce consider in terms of pure form, because we know so little concerning those who made them. Probably, our ignorance impoverishes our reactions. But we are not left bankrupt; an Inca aryballus painted in purely geometric patterns can still move us by virtue of its shape and by the relation of its surface patterns to that shape. Whatever story the potter may have wished to tell, whatever comment he may have intended upon life is unknown to us; only the formal elements survive. Austere, but wholly satisfying, they constitute a theorem which may still be understood when only the postulates of vision remain.

Prediction Methods in Relation to Borstal Training. By Dr. Hermann Mannheim and Leslie T. Wilkins.
 Stationery Office. 17s. 6d.

Every day criminals appear before the courts. Every day decisions are made as to their disposal. The grounds on which such decisions are made are frequently obscure. All sorts of factors enter in, no doubt: the seriousness of the crime, the record of the offender, the figure he cuts in court and so on, including, perhaps, dyspepsia. Anyway it would seem to be a somewhat

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hazardous business, and it is obvious that the decisions would be better grounded if their makers knew what the statistical risks were for the various decisions they are empowered to make. One cannot, of course, predict the future of any single person, but now that the work of Dr. Mannheim and Mr. Wilkins is available one can say with some confidence that seven out of eight young men with one kind of record are likely to be successes after Borstal training, while seven out of eight with another kind of record are likely to fail.

The question is: what objective factors, i.e., factors which do not depend on anyone's intuitive judgement, indicate failure or success? Can we give marks for this or that ascertainable fact about a delinquent and from his total sum predict his chances of success under this, that, or the other treatment? This is the aim of prediction research. The most celebrated researches of this kind were carried out in America by the indefatigable Gluecks. Research has also been done in Germany, and now at last we have made a start.

Dr. Mannheim and Mr. Wilkins studied the fates of 720 youths committed to Borstal between August 1, 1946, and July 31, 1947. The problem

was whether or not they had been re-convicted before August 31, 1951. Their data were: Borstal records, after-care files, and Criminal Record Office documents. They found that the significant factors were: a history of drunkenness, previous convictions resulting in fines, commitment to Approved Schools, prison, or probation, whether they were living with parent or parents, and the longest period they had held a job. These facts are not equally important and have to be 'weighted'. This provides one with a series of marks which have to be totted up, and from the total mark one can tell whether the young man belongs to the A group with a seven out of eight chance of success, to the B group with a two out of three chance, to the C group with a one out of three chance, or to the D group with a one out of eight chance, or whether he belongs to the 'x' class, about which predictions cannot be made without further information. The tables were tried out on the complete intake of one of the Reception Centres during the last six months of 1948 and were found to work.

The investigation is obviously of immense importance. It is true that it only deals with Borstal, and more research is needed into the

risk-rate in Approved Schools, Probation, and any other weapons we have at our disposal. All the same we now have the risk-rate of at least a large number of Borstalians, excluding the 50-50 class. Among the incidental findings which emerge from the research is the great superiority of 'open' Borstals over 'closed' ones. In spite of the fact that the 'open' Borstals get the better risks, they do better than the 'closed' ones with the worst risks when they are sent to them. Another interesting fact is that the length of sentence is by no means as important as we had hitherto thought.

The report is quite first rate. The exposition is brilliant. The statistical obscurities are clarified, and everyone can understand it. It is not often that one dares to prescribe home-work for our judges and magistrates, but this is such an occasion. Everyone who ever makes a decision that a youth shall be sent to Borstal must read this book. It will, of course, be read by criminologists, and by other academic persons, but it is intended as a tool for practical purposes. Only by the development of such research as this will the decisions about the fate of delinquents approximate to something that might be called 'rational'.

New Novels

Mrs. Craddock. By Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 15s.

The Inheritance. By John Sommerfield. Heinemann. 15s.

Molloy. By Samuel Beckett. Intereps, St. Martin's Lane. 13s. 6d.

THERE is not much more to be said about the works of Mr. Maugham. All the superlatives have been exhausted. Clarity, simplicity, readability, they are all here in his second novel, reprinted after fifty years. The critic can do little more than speak as a representative of 1955 about a book written in 1900—that is to say, written several centuries ago (in terms of 'progress'). The conclusion I draw, comparing the two ends of the half-century, is that many of the experimental, brutal, and eschatological novelists of our times (the third novelist under review here is typical of them) could learn much from Mr. Maugham. Gentleness, clarity, shape, these are the virtues of *Mrs. Craddock*. An eminent headmaster said recently in a public speech that 'the twentieth century has seen a devastating reversal of the increase in human kindness shown in the previous century'—a statement confirmed by reading *Mrs. Craddock*, and comparing it with *Molloy*.

Mr. Maugham handles his heroine's violent, naïve love without a trace of the cynicism which, in his later books, always makes me think of the frightening portrait Mr. Graham Sutherland has painted of him. All is tenderness and sympathy—about an upper-class young lady, sensitive and cultured, living on her estates where she falls in love with a yeoman and marries him. Love blinds the eye to the defects of the loved one, and Mr. Maugham simply describes her growing disillusion as she discovers that her peasant is, in fact, a peasant. ('It pleased her to think of the strong man among his beasts'—this turns into irritation when the strong man refuses to understand Beethoven or French novels.) Mr. Maugham's statement in the preface that this book was considered 'extremely daring' in 1900, refused by publisher after publisher, is surprising. The offensive parts, he claims almost proudly, have been included in this edition. I failed to find them—another comment perhaps on the fifty-five-year gap. But ladies were then, we are told, hardly expected to have emotions, let alone carnal

desires. And it is true that Berthe Craddock occasionally reveals to the vicar's sister feelings about her plough-boy which are not platonic. This was no doubt considered shocking. Shocked or not, the reader will enjoy being back in 1900 with Mr. Maugham.

The Inheritance is one of the three best novels I have read in 1955. Mr. Sommerfield is a born comic writer, with that sense of humour which leaves the reader uncertain whether to laugh or cry. Add to this a pungency of style, a mastery of dialogue almost cruel in its self-revelation—and the critic beseeches him not to spend most of his time, as his publishers announce, writing for the films. My only criticism is of a lack of tautness in the way many episodes of this book are connected.

The book has a pleasing simplicity and irony, concerning the effects of a £250,000 legacy on a small group of relations who had no idea they could ever be eligible for it. They hardly knew one another before; but the thought of the coming wealth brings them together, and they eagerly start building different castles in the air, while waiting for the lawyer to go through his esoteric formalities. Long before this has happened (it takes over a year), the humdrum security in which they have spent their lives has been transformed. One yearns for Monte Carlo; another for a rose-garden; another for a series of impossibly voluptuous mistresses; another for the *dolce far niente* of the rentier. Then at the end, when their conventional personalities are all in a state of excited flux, the crook lawyer runs off with the entire fortune. They are back where they started; or not quite back—for drink, harlotry, arson, and suicide have meanwhile totted up a number of bills, material and emotional, to be settled.

Mr. Sommerfield is a master of lower-middle-class atmosphere: the dead gas-bracket on the flaking ceiling; the dribbling home-made cigarette between the 'fronds' of the nicotine-stained moustache; the half a pork pie that looks as if it had been encased in varnished cardboard; the oatmeal rug and the folk-weave curtain. But

although his novel deals with one particular stratum of society it has, I should say, a much wider application. Were he able to transfer his acute observation to a higher rung, or a different nation, he would write exactly the same novel about an inheritance. And it would, I am sure, be as true, as sad, and as witty.

With *Molloy* we leap across the centuries from Mr. Maugham, from 1900, not into 1955, but into a century and place of Mr. Beckett's own imagining. It could be the twentieth century, it could be the twenty-second; it could equally be a bog in Ireland in the Dark Ages. Led by the experimental writer and his 'stream of consciousness', we meander like some muggy stream in County Galway, going nowhere, ending nowhere, always in our mouths the taste of something sulphurous. I fancy that Mr. Beckett is trying to say in his abstract language that, like his cripple hero, we are all cripples, all treated unfairly by life. 'I have no reason to be gladdened by the sun', his hero says at the beginning, 'and I take good care not to be'.

But a novel cannot be a static personal philosophy. It depends on action, movement. As soon as Mr. Beckett introduces action (and he occasionally does), his book becomes lively and funny. The scene when the cripple breaks up the furniture with his crutch—in the house of the lady who has befriended him—and then tries to help the butler rearrange it, again with his crutch, emphasises Mr. Beckett's elaborate symbolism about the underdog all the more, because the scene is visual, in motion. He cannot, of course, avoid the gratuitous obscenity which is, apparently, indispensable to every work of experimental writing.

I must add that I was taken some weeks before to Mr. Beckett's play 'Waiting for Godot'. It is another tramp idyll, but I enjoyed it. Comparing *Molloy* with it, I have learnt that this type of writing can be perfectly suitable for the stage—where a good actor can help it to life. But it has no business to call itself, as *Molloy* does on the fly-leaf, a novel.

ANTHONY RHODES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Review of the Year

TWO PROGRAMMES, flying the authentic documentary banner, bravely withstood the buffeting waves of televised festivity, 'Sports Review of 1955' and 'Health for the People' in the 'Special Enquiry' series. The sports programme, ploughing a deep furrow through the year's events on field, track, and court, and in the ring, was a fast-moving affair which culminated in trophy presentations at the Savoy Hotel, London, speeches, and predictions for 1956. It was a noisy hour and a quarter, intended to whip up our enthusiasm for the final proclamation of the name of the 'Sports-view Personality of the Year'. Before that moment came, it was proved to us yet again that cocktail parties do not make specially good viewing, that there is monotony in watching people milling about with drinks in their hands. Max Robertson, moving through the throng with a microphone, put familiar names to some unfamiliar faces and established a certain sympathy between us and the scene. It was not enough to create a sense of breathless interest in the high point of the occasion, the announcement of the result of the viewers' postcard poll. When it came, cameras and microphones singularly failed to transmit any sign of emotion, presumably because it was not there to be picked up. We viewers, perhaps more than anyone else, were aware of anticlimax. Television can embarrassingly amplify that condition.

Gordon Pirie came out on top and those of us who remember the televised excitements of the great race with Zatopek at the White City in October will not have begrudged him the honour. Having voted him into first place, viewers had to listen to a toneless speech of grievance about sports writers. It could have had the effect of convincing some of his supporters that he lacks humour, certainly wit. A young man, he may yet learn the nobility of silence in the face of life's provocations. As a speaker, he was easily and gracefully outpointed by Pat Smythe, whom many viewers saw and heard for the first time as a social person. My own vote in the contest would have gone to Peter Dimmock, who steered 'Sportsview' through the year with unflagging zest and whose gift for inspiring teamwork is a large part of its success as a regular programme.

As the subject of impending recommendations by a committee, the national health service is likely to be coming up in the headlines again early in the new year. Seizing that probability, 'Special Enquiry' set out to discover the good and bad points of the service now, after seven years' working. Salford was chosen as the test case and proved to be fruitful in the materials of a great human experiment. The programme was particularly well served by the film camera, which brought to our screens a residue of squalor surviving amid conditions of improvement that are remarkable and enheartening to anyone who can cast his mind back to other times. Joined to the pictorial testimony there was plain speaking from general practitioners and consultants, who made a valuable contribution to a survey which seemed to be admirably con-

cerned to get at the facts, regardless of what prejudices they served. There was supporting opinion for those who think that the health service was born of political passion rather than lofty motive. Those who consider that the money which the service is costing us—and the amount goes up by more millions in 1956—had better have been put to prevention were likewise solaced. So, too, those who think that there was dangerous impetuosity in the beginning and that a more tentative start should have been made. Pictures of a mothers' club, of health visitors at work, of a children's health club, and other



Gordon Pirie and Pat Smythe, voted Sportsman and Sports-woman of the year, as they were seen in 'Sports Review of 1955' on December 28

beneficent local activities, left us in no doubt of the reality of the national health service in the lives of the people of Salford. This was a programme that was worth every minute of its time.

'Film Profile' brought into our ken Maurice Elvey, the film producer, who must by now be unique among his kind in length and breadth of experience; certainly, judging from this encounter, in the modesty of his self-esteem. Interviewed by Peter Haigh, he talked lightly and entertainingly about the long succession of films he has made, without for a moment posing himself as more than a middle-weight whose business it has been to comply with box-office clamour.

The result was a kind of sincerity which we do not always get in this series, and there are those among us who hope that Mr. Elvey will be presented to us again in some other programme. He would be a good candidate for one of the panel games.

Now, good wishes to those readers who have been kind enough to send me the same. Stay me with apples (preferably Blenheim Orange), comfort me with flagons, in support of my New Year resolution to sharpen the rowels of my spurs and ride the hobby-horse of background music even harder in 1956. The letter from four B.B.C. television producers, Anthony de Lotbinière, David Attenborough, John Read, and Norman Swallow, printed in THE LISTENER of December 15, brought a flurry of angry rejoinders. 'Are you going to let them get away with it?' Not with the polite but incorrect suggestion that I propose the abolition of background music. Their solemn concert of refusal to 'cut it out altogether' goes beyond the advertised mark. Moderation is the watchword of our crusade, which has more support from individual viewers than I have been able to particularise here.

I observe, with pain, that my colleague below, Philip Hope-Wallace, misrepresents me by saying that I think *all* television disfigured by background music (*italics his*). What we objecting viewers are contending against is the *needless* use of music (*italics mine*). Above all, we resent the B.B.C.'s capitulation to a noisy picture-house convention which is out of place in the home. As for 'creating a mood' to go with 'a sequence of fighting ants', that is specious nonsense. The dramas of nature require no help from B.B.C. producers in evoking appropriate mental states and it is pompous to argue that they do.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Empty Hearth

THERE WAS A FAMOUS old *Punch* drawing which showed a kindly husband, giving an arm to his seasick wife, fresh and red-nosed off a paddle steamer in a gale. He says he fears she did not enjoy her trip. To which the loyal spouse faintly responds 'Oh yes, I did, Herb, in my way'.



As seen by the viewer: 'Hosts to the Nations', televised on December 29 from University College, Swansea, centre for a social welfare course for men and women from countries of the United Nations. Left, Burmese in songs and dances; right, Hywel Davies with a group of students

John Gura

The joke came to mind half-way through a play about unhappy American newly weds, which occupied an hour of our viewing on Tuesday. I felt the need of a joke, even a chestnut, in the midst of this agonisingly unhumorous adventure. But, joke or not, it does express my feelings. I did not truly enjoy it or think it very well acted even, still less well written (it was in the 'gee-whizz, honey', dumb-ox style, unrelieved). But after so much cosy gush, so much false *bonhomie*, so much seasonal slop, it made a pleasant and astringent change of taste. Generally, newly weddedness is a signal for combined strings in D flat and three-four time, gauze, bounding ballerinas, and a great deal of luck-wishing from some such professional smiler as Eamonn Andrews. Here was another view, stark and probably just as false in its way. But between such programmes as 'This is Your Life' with its roseate fatuity, and 'Is This Your Problem?' with Miss Edana Romney's soulful hopes that Mr. X may soon stop knocking Mrs. X's mother about with a bottle, there is surely room for a little realism. 'Three Rooms' may be two too many; but at least it was a good try.

The scene, from which we scarcely departed more than a dozen yards, was an unfurnished apartment in New York, with the 'El' just outside one window; a domestic battle going on across the well of the building, kindly Jews with presents of noodle-soup above, and an unseen but very noisily pregnant lady over the landing; also a be-bop specialist, to heighten the irony. The couple was enacted by Jacqueline Hill (quite good) and George Margo (not very convincing), and apart from some of those dreadful sassy kids who seem to infest American existence and wander in and out without what Cicely Courtneidge would call 'so much as bay your leave hor pardon', the drama was in their hands. They didn't seem to like each other. Furniture men came and went (a great relief it was to see them, as so often in real life it is), a telephone mechanic tried to tell a funny story on the line he had just fixed up, a story which misfired, and lastly the pregnant neighbour had to be helped in labour, an event which broke the ice for this shy and, one would have said, ill-assorted bride and groom who apparently had no friends, no 'fixtures', and no idea really how a marriage was supposed to work.

A film called 'Marty' was mentioned in *Radio Times* as being of the same type, and indeed that nearly brilliant piece, about a stout Italian butcher and a girl who thought she was plain and whose meeting ripened into late love was recalled once or twice. But this acting was not at all on a level with Betsy Blair and Borgnine in the film. However, it was admirably produced by Alvin Rakoff, who is a dab at this sort of unrelieved squalor, and well set by Barry Learoyd. I am on the whole grateful to have seen it—I enjoyed it, in short, 'in my way'.

There is much lamenting the dearth of true pantomime here and there. Personally I find there is more than enough of it, and when one has watched a succession of rude old men in earrings and red wigs undressing themselves from thousands of pairs of bloomers and suspender belts in haunted kitchens, one begins to wonder whether children who



'In Writing' on January 1, with (left to right) Terence Morgan as Clostin, Patricia Marmont as Anne, Bernard Lee as Hurst, and Reginald Beckwith as Peebles

miss pantomimes today really miss very much. However the 'Red Riding Hood' from Sheffield on Boxing Day, with Mrs. Shufflewick and Ken Dodd, was described as a family pantomime, and though the buffooneries were somewhat raw it was decorously delighting a very happy audience. The Mindelbaum farce which followed, with Harry Green mugging and capering like nine o'clock, also knew what sort of an audience it intended to please.

Tees and tushery crowned the turn of the year. There is good ground for thinking that Wilkie Collins fathered the vogue of the 'interesting' unorthodox detective. In Raymond Bowers' ingenious 'In Writing' we saw Bernard Lee, erstwhile the prisoner of thugs in that thrilling play 'The Dangerous Hours', assuming the role of the disarmingly casual sleuth: Terence Morgan writhing in the toils. This seemed a good choice to set the B.B.C. year going, especially with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet to boot. The tushery came with a revival of 'Richard of Bordeaux', a play which has strong competition in the favour of those who know 'Richard II', by one Shakespeare, first.

The late 'Gordon Daviot' made the king too much an excitable adolescent, a prefect against whom the whole school turns. Shakespeare no-

where so distorts what must surely have been the truth about a man who, having come to the throne as a boy and enjoyed many years of power, took his kingship very much for granted. The modern play is effective enough, especially if taken not too heavily and with what irony is possible, as in this production; but I cannot say I found it very exciting. For all the dignity and character in the faces around the tottering throne—Philip Guard, John Arnatt, Thomas Heathcote, and many others—the approach to the historical problem now seemed dated and 'fancy'. Peter Cushing was excellent certainly, but the once so striking light touch on this historical role is no longer surprising. Victor Menzies produced.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Devil One Down

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Though the Devil began 1956 with a victory in Romain Rolland's 'Wolves' (Third), he is—on my week's listening—one down, with one match incomplete, and I have no fear of the result. What Rolland's play needed was a Scarlet Pimpernel. The damned elusive fellow was nowhere near a Prussian-beleaguered city in the red tumult of 1793, though I hoped until the last that justice would triumph, even in the hell that was the Hotel du Roi d'Angleterre. This is one of Rolland's 'revolutionary dramas': the tale of a war within a war: a conflict between butchery, venom, prejudice, on the one side, and unfettered reason upon the other, inside a beleaguered and desperate Republican garrison.

The root of the play is simple: the blasting enmity of Verrat, Citizen Pork Butcher, against an 'aristo' Republican, D'Oyron. We suspect from the first that it will be Verrat's task to incriminate the man: what we cannot guess is how the attack will develop. It turns to a faked charge of treason; and it is here that the scientist, Teulier, for all his previous distrust of D'Oyron, seeks to clear him. For Teulier, Reason must rule; when her voice is raised, none can contradict it. This bold idealist is the truest character in a play that becomes a high-coloured

drama of the Terror. The other people are conventional enough, though vivid within the convention: the pork butcher whose speech, in John Holmstrom's version, is suitably ensanguined ('I'll have your guts for this!' is Verrat at his gentlest); the Republican Commissioner, gout-ridden and ruled by expediency; and the 'aristo' himself, who is little more than a defiant voice. Teulier is different, for we are allowed to see into his mind. The man detests heroics; he accepts nothing without examination; Reason is lord. Mark Dignam acted him with a ring, especially in the last moment when all fails, when the drums roll, the guillotine-blade thuds down, the Devil rides in triumph above the city, and injustice, trampling upon Reason, allows a crime to be committed 'in the name of France'.

Injustice spoke with the tones of Leo McKern, throaty and menacing. Few actors can make their speech slash so deeply. When McKern said 'I'll run you through for it', his voice cut like



Scene from 'Richard of Bordeaux' on December 29, with (left to right) Joseph O'Connor as Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; Maurice Colbourne as John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; and Peter Cushing as Richard II

a sabre. Anthony Shaw could bring up the Commissioner in bodily pain and mental conflict, and Malcolm Hayes had a moment as a condemned and fearful spy. The play could be a mere hubbub, a howling of wolves; but R. D. Smith's production separated and defined its strands. We could imagine the trial that was only reported to us, the anger, the arrogance, the crumpling, the doom. Not a major play but a goodish melodrama, and with one character to respect.

The Devil takes a whipping in 'Candlemas Night' (Third), a fantasy in which Ernest Reynolds uses an uncommonly decorative method, often with effect: he has what one can call a Marlovian love of proper names. The plot is about an effort by Lucifer's delegate, a Miss Spanheim, to drive three Oxford dons from the arts to science. Failing after a deal of convolution, she vanishes with a frantic 'Away! To Cambridge—or to Birmingham!' But we were less excited about the plotting than about the things Mr. Reynolds could make his people say, and the way in which they were said by Vivienne Bennett, set upon driving art and wisdom from the town; Freda Jackson as the Queen of Spades (who is Pallas Athene—her marriage with the King of Spades was a morganatic affair 'patched up by medieval card-makers'); Gordon Davies as the Knave of Diamonds, who is Hector of Troy, and who acclaims an Oxford 'where the wild bright flowers ripple with constant spring'; and Ernest Milton in gloomy languor, 'an abandoned furnace where the workmen long ago left the darkening fires to fade'. 'Candlemas Night', produced by Frederick Bradnum, should read well; it was a pleasure to hear it in the dead vast and middle of Boxing Day.

'Journey into Space' (Light) is a game unfinished; we know very well that the forces of evil have no chance here, though the Lunar Controller has been double-crossing right and left, and Mars looks more than usually warlike. Jet Morgan will see us through: rely on Jet. The Devil was heavily beaten in 'Saturday Night at the Crown' (Home), where the landlord of the 'Crown' and his Shakespeare-reading barmaid—this was in deepest Lancashire—reached the only possible decision. In spite of the acting of Belle Chrystall and Fred Fairclough, it proved to be a dull and raucous comedy. The dramatist stood by the same old bar with the same old jokes ('Women! You never know where you are with them!') going on the same flat-footed round. Still, forget it: virtue triumphs. A happy New Year to all!

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

In Perspective

AS THE YEAR draws to its close people are inclined to look back and attempt a summing up. Optimists recall with gusto their private pleasures and blessings and the unmistakable signs that things in general are improving, while pessimists, with equal gusto, rehearse the ghastly things that have happened to them and point out that the world is going to the dogs.

Of the two types the optimists make the pleasanter company, but neither gives us anything but a very partial picture, for looking back brings into play that curious phenomenon called visual perspective in which some things become so crowded together that other things are crowded out. It is perspective that makes history by excluding the domestic, the humdrum, and the trivial which actually make up the larger part of life and brings the more outstanding events into closer relationship. Consequently, the listener to 'Café Royal' (Home Service) who had no personal acquaintance with the place will have learnt that, during the vague period known

by pessimists as the good old days, the Café was the nightly scene of wild, fantastical, or farcical happenings and that he had only to venture in, any night of the week, to plunge headlong into the world of literature and the arts. This feverish and rather ridiculous impression is the inevitable result of perspective. Not even, I suspect, in the Café's heyday were the mad events and brilliant quips nearly so tightly packed as history leads us to believe.

My own acquaintance with the Café Royal began, I think, about 1912, and the impression then was of small parties of people sitting at tables, talking, smoking, drinking beer or coffee or having a meal, among whom one could occasionally pick out a well-known figure or two, but I can recall no event wild or even unusual enough to stick in my memory, and although, no doubt, there was plenty of wit and wisdom floating about, you didn't, in the very nature of things, hear it unless you yourself or someone fairly close to you uttered it. Before its disastrous reconstruction, its ruby plush, mirrors, gingerbread-work and painted ceiling and the atmosphere of comfortable conviviality made it a delightful place in which to spend a talkative evening with one or more friends.

'Café Royal', then, was unavoidably a grotesquely heightened impression of what, for those who knew it, the Café really was. But was it none the less an entertaining broadcast? Even if a caricature—and why not?—was it a good one? The answer must be a flat No. A number of eminent people took part in it and it was not their fault that it didn't come off. There was interesting information about the famous folk who could be found there at various periods, but nearly all the remembered or misremembered titbits of wit and humour which were brought out of cold storage and repeated outside their original warm and convivial context sounded, as they were bound to do, thin, pointless, limp as a dead fish, and the bursts of forced laughter which greeted them were distressingly unconvincing.

Another glimpse into the past was provided the same evening in the Third Programme by a reading of 'The Bell of Saint Euschemon', a tale from Richard Garnett's collection of short stories called *The Twilight of the Gods*. Already an oldish book—it was published in 1888—it was recommended to me more than once in my youth as a minor classic and it became one of those books which I resolved, but somehow failed, to get hold of. Looking back at myself of those days, I see that this story would have delighted me, but now it has come too late. Written with the tongue in the cheek in the sly, dry, flippant, precise manner used a little later by Anatole France, with natural and supernatural, saint and devil, tastily blended, the stories in *The Twilight of the Gods* were doubtless written by their learned author as a relaxation from more serious work. But two world wars and the life that has followed them have blunted our taste—the more's the pity—for artfully wrought trifles of this sort. Still, I listened with the interest aroused by a period piece and a neat piece of craftsmanship and enjoyed the way in which Carleton Hobbs nicely adjusted his reading to the style of the story.

'Frankly Speaking', with Margaret Lane, John Betjeman, and J. E. Morpurgo as the surgeons, and Malcolm Muggeridge as the admirably responsive patient, was a brilliantly successful operation.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Waiting for Godard

ALL THESE YEARS, nearly ten since the Third Programme started, we have waited. But until on Christmas night our dapper Santa Claus put

an end to our expectancy, not a note of Benjamin Godard's music has been heard, not even the 'Berceuse de Jocelyn'—though I doubt not that that has lulled listeners on lighter wavelengths. But here at last was a big work, a violin concerto played by one of those virtuosi who, elect above others, have lost their baptismal names, and by no less an orchestra than the Royal Philharmonic, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham in person.

And yet—wasn't it all, despite the efforts of these eminent musicians, the virtuosity of the soloist, the refinement of the orchestral playing, wasn't it all a little disappointing? Had expectation been screwed too high, so that where we hoped for, perhaps, a *marion glacé*, we found ourselves sipping sugared water—an insipid drink?

Later in the week Campoli, the aforementioned violinist, deputised for Tibor Varga in two performances of another nineteenth-century concerto by a Frenchman, Lalo's sparkling 'Symphonie espagnole' which he played with the B.B.C. Orchestra under Alfred Wallenstein. The soloist's performance here sounded rather slick and superficial; perhaps he undertook it at short notice and had not time to work it up to full concert-pitch. The accompanying of the orchestra, with its rough, slashing accents, can hardly have helped. Mr. Wallenstein is, on the evidence of the series of concerts he has directed, an efficient conductor, but hardly a sensitive or perceptive musician. He knocked Schubert's early Symphony in B flat about badly, playing it without grace or sparkle, and the 'Firebird' Suite was given a humdrum performance which hardly seemed up to Third Programme standards for familiar music.

There was a tendency—or should I say policy?—to fill the Third Programme last week with such well-worn compositions and with the unfamiliar second-rate. It may have been felt that no strain should be put upon our attention dulled with feasting, that we could not take in anything more exacting than Lalo, early Schubert and Stravinsky, Godard, Grieg and 'Norma'. There was, by way of exception, Walter Piston's Fourth Symphony, which had its first performance in the Home Service on Wednesday, and a second, which it merited, on Friday in the Third. This is the best of the American works that Mr. Wallenstein has brought with him. It is not coherent in style, ranging from native high spirits of a knockabout rumbustiousness to the yearning intensities of European romanticism, but the music sounded alive, the work of a real composer and not the product of a competent manufacturer.

'Norma' was given the kind of performance one expects to hear in the Third Programme under the direction of Tullio Serafin. Maria Callas has the force of personality and dramatic quality of voice to project the dominating character of Norma by way of the loud-speaker alone. One could see her Pastalike gestures. As a singer she is by no means faultless, neither absolutely steady nor even in the quality of her tone. Here she is outclassed by Ebe Stignani, whose Adalgisa sounded more beautiful than ever—what clean attack and thrilling tone on the high A ('Io L'obbliai') just before her duet with Pollione!

Pollione was sung by Mario del Monaco, that very loud tenor, whose singing *fortissimo* throughout his cavatina must have made it fully audible in the temple to which the Druids had retired. This is undoubtedly a magnificent voice, but it tends to lose its quality when not under full pressure. Athos Cesarini sang pleasantly as 'Flavio, his friend', and Giuseppe Modesti splendidly as Orovoso with noble tone and clean, unslurred phrasing.

There is, rightly, some clowning in Christmas week, and this year the fun was provided by

Fritz Spiegl, who conducted an ingenious 'Music Quiz' on Christmas evening and a programme of 'Musical Curiosities' on New Year's Eve. In the quiz his victims were Denis Matthews who knew all the answers, thereby somewhat demoralising his rivals, T. E. Bean who knew some of them, and Paul Jennings who, like most of us, 'knew perfectly well what it was but couldn't put a name to it'. The 'Curiosities' reinstated a programme over which

Sir Steuart Wilson used to preside years ago. Mr. Spiegl had evidently expended a great deal of time and learning in discovering some very odd things in the way of musical arrangements—the 'Magic Flute' Overture for male-voice choir, the 'Cenerentola' Overture for eight pianofortes (sixteen hands, all originally belonging to the Viennese nobility) and, best of all, Sir Henry Bishop's arrangement of the 'Ranz des vaches' from the 'William Tell' Overture for

coloratura soprano, superbly 'rendered' (I think is the word) by Marjorie Westbury. Some things, including the 'Cenerentola' Overture and the movement from the 'Surprise' Symphony with *obbligato* double bass, were funny for a while, but went on too long. We waited in vain to hear the once popular arrangement (by Mloskosewitsch, I think) of the 'Berceuse de Jocelyn' for ocarina and bass tuba. Perhaps that, too, will come.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

John Field and his Storm Concerto

By RICHARD GORER

John Field's Fifth Piano Concerto will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Monday, January 9 (Third)

AROUND 1798 Daniel Steibelt composed his Third Piano Concerto, the final rondo of which consists of a pastoral with a large stormy episode at the centre. This 'storm' rondo enjoyed enormous success; it was endlessly reprinted and may well have inspired such works as the overture to 'William Tell' and the last two movements of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

This is in itself remarkable for a second-rate piece of work, but in addition the 'storm' rondo supplied the germ for the short-lived, somewhat dismal art-form, the programme-concerto. This survives today solely in Weber's Konzertstück, but in the early decades of the last century there were a number of them. Most of these were from the pen of their originator; one has the pleasant title of 'Le voyage au Mont Saint-Bernard' and the last of all, celebrating the triumphal end of the Greek War of Independence, accompanied the soloist not only with a symphony orchestra, but with a military band as well. These last concertos were written while Steibelt was in Russia, and while there he had become friendly with John Field, who had an uncanny facility for getting on the most intimate terms with the more louche of his confrères.

It was presumably under Steibelt's influence that Field made his one incursion into programme music. This was in his Fifth Piano Concerto, which bears the sub-title 'L'Incendie par l'orage'. For the most part Field refrains from his exemplar's orchestral ebullience, but he does ask for a second piano to double the soloist at the height of the storm. This was presumably for the sake of extra sonority and with the modern concert grand would prove unnecessary. Field had worked as a boy in Clementi's piano warehouse and retained all his life a preference for the tone of the old square piano, which would provide enhanced delicacy, but was less satisfactory for depicting storms.

Field had settled in St. Petersburg in 1803 and at some time between then and 1812 had moved to Moscow. He appears to have moved between the two Russian capitals until 1831 when he left for a long concert tour in England, France, and Italy. The twenty-eight years between 1803 and 1831 are nearly a complete blank in the very sketchy knowledge that we have of Field's life. Apart from the fact that he gave piano lessons to Glinka and had an unfortunate marriage, the amount of our knowledge is neatly summarised in the massive rebuke Marmontel delivers in his *Les Pianistes Célèbres*: 'Malheureusement, inclin à la paresse, ayant un goût prononcé pour la bonne chère, aimant outre mesure les vins capiteux, inexact dans ses leçons, prodigues de ses gains faciles, prêtant à tous venants, John Field ne sut tirer aucun parti de sa brillante position et n'économisa rien des sommes considérables gagnées en Russie'.

He sounds an amiable enough character—Field

could evidently have modelled for the fictional Irishman—and such a type was not uncommon at the period; Steibelt, Dussek, and at times even Liszt, tended to this likeable bohemianism, but Field seems to have been unique in his determination to commit as little of his music to paper as possible. The last four concertos are the most substantial fruits of his life in Russia and the nocturnes of his artistic capabilities during this period.

Unless there is material in Russia waiting to be discovered—and surely there must at least be contemporary concert notices—it would seem impossible to date any of Field's compositions with any accuracy. W. H. Grattan Flood, in his monograph *John Field of Dublin*, assigns the composition of the Fifth Concerto to 1817, but gives no reason for this assumption and later states that the compositions of 1817 were followed by four concertos. As Field published only seven it is hard to see how the fifth could be followed by four more. Owing to its possible connection with Steibelt, I should be inclined to assign it to some date after 1810, but until some research is done on contemporary Russian material we cannot be more precise; the music seems typical of the eighteen-twenties.

The principal model for piano concertos at this period was not Beethoven but Hummel. The Hummel concerto, though taking care to display the executant's virtuosity, aimed above all at giving an improvisatory effect. Deliberate construction had to give way to a feeling of spontaneity and there was a lot of display for its own sake, during which the logic of the music had to give place to the skill of the soloist.

This did not matter so much with Hummel himself, as he appears to have had a natural sense of musical form and could impose some musical justification on his most dazzling irrelevances, but in the hands of his followers the concerto was apt to degenerate into virtuosity and very little else. Field had a very imperfect sense of musical form, but he seems to have been aware of this and in his first six concertos erects a rigid scaffolding to preserve the shapes of the outer movements; the Seventh Concerto is more rhapsodic. His musical pulse is, moreover, extremely lethargic and although the page is black with semiquavers and demisemiquavers the music proceeds at an even pace. Though few composers are less Beethovenian than Field it is possible to compare his rhythm with that of the arietta of Beethoven's Op. 111, where the music gets slower and slower as the pianist plays faster and faster.

The Fifth Concerto with its programmatic sub-title might be expected to be atypical, but in point of fact does not differ much from the composer's other concertos. Indeed, the magical depiction of the 'fire' is far from apparent. The work is in C major and announces this fact by a *fortissimo* unison chord at the outset of the

work. This is followed by a melody starting with a note four times repeated, which leads to a more fiery theme, orchestral in conception and unsuited for the piano. The first theme now reappears and leads to a third melody, also opening with a four times repeated note, which is to prove the 'second subject' of the movement. The ritornello ends with a chromatic figure which is one of Field's fingerprints. The soloist enters with a bang and some rapid scales, plays its own version of the opening theme and soars away into the realms of virtuosity with numerous semiquaver triplets and some of Field's most surprising modulations. After the soloist has displayed his virtuosity the second subject allows him to demonstrate his mastery of the cantabile style; but not for long; the codetta of the exposition sees him playing semiquavers again. The orchestra re-enters with its characteristic theme and eventually comes to rest in G major. The soloist at once leaps into B flat major and starts a brilliant development which comes to rest on a G minor chord.

Now comes 'L'Orage' with plenty of chromatic and diatonic scales, lightning flashes at the top of the keyboard and, somewhat oddly, a passage marked *scherzando*. The storm dies away without disconcerting the soloist, who gallops away in E major and minor, eventually bringing back the tonic and the orchestra. The recapitulation is much abbreviated and ends on the, by now somewhat unusual, six-four chord, giving the soloist a cadenza based on crossed hands and semiquaver thirds.

There is a difficulty in performing Field's concertos nowadays owing to the fact that he improvised the larger part of his slow movements and wrote down just enough to help the conductor. The Third Concerto has no slow movement at all on paper; nor has the Seventh though there is a slow episode in the final rondo. What we have in the Fifth is particularly tantalising. There are twenty-five bars of melody, with a figuration of the type of the slow movement of Beethoven's 'Pathétique' Sonata. These end on a corona. Next come five bars marked *allegro vivace* based on the theme of the final rondo, a blank bar with a corona over it and a final seven bars of *adagio*. All we can do nowadays is to play these thirty-eight bars, but we should be deceiving ourselves if we imagined that Field's contemporaries did not hear far more.

The *adagio* leads into the final rondo, an enchanting movement full of that carefree happiness which seems so surprising from the melancholy poetic composer of the nocturnes, though perhaps to be expected from the amiable hedonist described by Marmontel. The first episode refers back to the first movement and the second changes the rhythm from two-four to six-eight. The movement comes to an end rather abruptly, leaving us like so many Oliver Twists.

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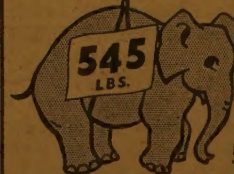
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Books for Home Lovers

By RUTH DREW

ENGLISH Fare and French Wines, by André Simon, is published by Newman Neame (7s. 6d.). This slim little handbook is for people who want to know what wine to drink with which food. M. Simon discusses the various staple foods of England, and indicates the type of wine to partner each. Another kitchen guide is compiled by Robin McDouall. It is called *Collins Pocket Guide to Good Cooking: Recipes for the Discriminating Housewife, Bachelor, and Bride* (15s.). This struck me as an excellent mixture—recipes for people who put out their tongues nervously when poaching an egg, and sophisticated recipes for old hands who *flambé* the buttery limbs of their chickens in brandy.

When you have read *Hospitality* (Cassells, 18s.), by Nell Heaton, you can embark with confidence on any form of entertainment—from arranging a six-course dinner to giving a birthday tea with 'bunny-rabbit table decorations'. *Hospitality* from every angle, in fact, is in 270 pages: how to send invitations and set tables and receive guests, and what to eat.

In *Learning to Cook with Marguerite Patten* (Phoenix House, 15s.), Mrs. Patten writes like the practical housewife she is, starting with advice on tools and equipment, going on to choose food and describe basic cooking methods, and then giving many homely recipes. This is the book for anyone who is pleased to know how to show off at a dinner party with a mushroom *soufflé*, but does not feel insulted when she finds

instructions for boiling eggs and making tea.

Next among the books I have listed is *Party Flowers*, by Constance Spry (Dent, 8s. 6d.). In this beautifully illustrated book Mrs. Spry talks about flower arrangements for special occasions—from the schemes she created for the Coronation banquet to practical ideas which you and I could experiment with for a sausage supper party in the kitchen.

The sort of book I have been looking for for years is *The Complete Photobook*, by Philip Johnson (Fountain Press, 9s. 6d.). In this neat, well-illustrated book Mr. Johnson explains the whole business of photography for the amateur: how the camera works, how to compose and take indoor and outdoor pictures of everything from the kitten to the Taj Mahal.

The last two books I have listed are about needlework. *Sewing Magic* is by Mary Brooks Picken (Cresset Press, 25s.). Its purpose is to 'enable the complete beginner, and encourage the expert as well, to make an entire range of clothes, furnishings, and gifts'. This ambition is pursued by means of basic patterns—or, rather, diagrams—showing how to cut and make more than 200 things to drape the human form or the home. Granted patience and average mathematical knowledge, this is a book to treasure.

Lastly, I have James Norbury's new book, *Counted Thread Embroidery* (Brockhampton Press, 25s.). This explains all the classic embroidery stitches, and describes many modern

variations on traditional themes of design. Some are simple enough for beginners.

—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

RICHARD SCOTT (page 3): diplomatic correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian*

A. J. BROWN (page 4): Professor of Economics, Leeds University since 1947; author of *The Great Inflation, 1939-51*, etc.

EVA TAYLOR (page 5): Emeritus Professor of Geography, London University; Professor and Head of Department of Geography, Birkbeck College, 1930-44; author of *Geography of an Air Age*, etc.

O. R. FRISCH, O.B.E., F.R.S. (page 16): Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy, Cambridge University since 1947; author of *Meet the Atoms*

L. C. B. GOWER (page 20): Sir Ernest Cassel Professor of Commercial Law, London University since 1948; author of *Principles of Modern Company Law*, etc.

DAVID PIPER (page 22): Assistant Keeper of National Portrait Gallery

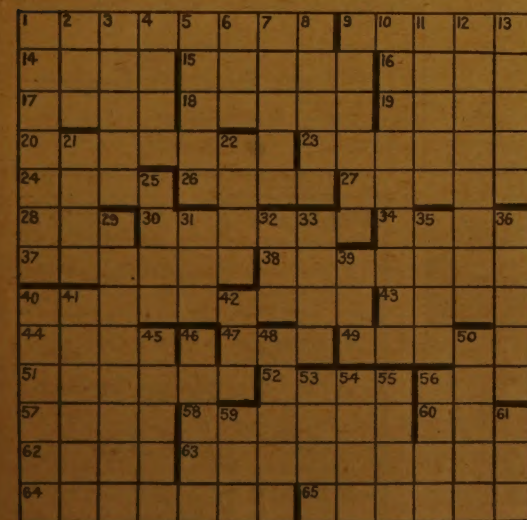
ANTHONY RHODES (page 29): author of *The Dalmatian Coast*, *The General's Summerhouse*, *A Sabine Journey*, etc.

We regret that Mr. Christopher Hollis was erroneously described as M.P. (Conservative) Devises Division of Wilts on page 1108 of *THE LISTENER* last week. Mr. Hollis did not stand at the general election last May.

Crossword No. 1,340. Common Denominators. By Simmo

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 12. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of *THE LISTENER*, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Each light to the twenty-three unnumbered definition clues is the person or place which gave the name.

DEFINITION CLUES

Beacon; birds (2); blouse; cap cover; champagne; cheeses (4); cloths (2); coffee; electrical units (2); fabric; hair style; hunter; pistol; tapestries (2); vegetable; woman's cape.

CLUES—ACROSS

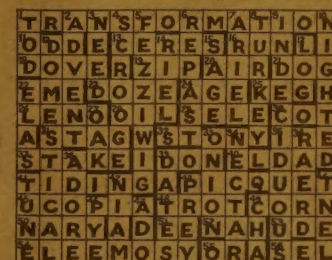
14. Bore with a broadside
15. Pickling medium of years ago—forty-nine in a way
16. River of Russia, traversing most of country
17. Nips, when infected, might call for this
18. In existence with any number of certain organs
19. Good spirit available in wide variety
20. Horse and meadow are the crude essentials of a plainsman
23. A hard reader, confrere of Uncle Tom
24. Starting to shout is nonsense
26. Is aware of disreputable horses
27. Alone, as Spenser put it, on an English isle
28. Turkey's correct weight?
34. Book returned with the body
38. Exaggerate an account in public
43. Tree providing chocolate bread upsets African chief
44. Appearances of big noises
49. Abounding in solid-stemmed plants, takes seconds to cross
51. Where the Allies came down—distressing for Herman
57. Estimate the levy for a certain class of ships
58. Men are disposed to recall
60. Completely at a loss abroad
62. Hardly supported by reason, consequently unwritten

DOWN

2. Hebrew measure of, for one thing, water
4. Something in the air—at number 10
6. Follow in a good cause
8. Even a poor conductor gives change when due
11. Spenser's pot sounds bad company
13. A note to the railway about a flapper

21. Mischievous, divine being—over two pounds short in confusion
22. Interpret the abomasum
25. Instrument to give long-winded performance
31. Huge, old bird said to be a scythe
32. Metal bar we Scots make where animals are enclosed
33. Sphere in which the young develop
35. Masculine assistance for a young woman
36. A corset braces and supports
39. Bitter vetch, poor thing
41. Our former antagonists return with a poisonous plant
42. Title first used in the Domesday Book
45. An intermediate class of relic
46. Worst, so different prizes apply
53. Level, high-placed Welshmen
54. A pulpit in the scouts' rally
55. Complain about an instrument in the middle
59. Attention for projection
61. Game requiring continual contacts

Solution of No. 1,338



NOTES

Across: 13. Tempest iv 1. 16. Milton Ode ('Nativity'). 18. R. Crashaw. 20. Christmas Carol. Dickens. 24. Milton. 26. Noel (anag.). 28. Balm 45 (appointed for Christmas Day). 35. G. K. Chesterton. 40. Numbers. 41. 'God rest you merry'. 53. Brewer.

Down: 1. Dot (rev.)—The Cricket on the Hearth. 4 & 5. Christmas Carol. 6. Milton—Sonnet. 14. Browning: 'Hervé Riel'. 15. Christmas Carol. 27. The Mistletoe Bough. 34. W. Drummond. 36E, 10. Keats. 38. C. Rossetti: 'In the bleak midwinter'. 39. Hidden. 43. Gay: 'The Turkey and the Ant'. 47. Hidden.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: C. E. Gates (Kettering); 2nd prize: G. Faris (Glenavy); 3rd prize: John P. Mernagh (Romford)

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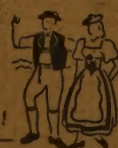
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